THE

SON OF THE STORM,

A TALE.

BY HENRY SIDDONS.

" Periturae parcite Chartae."

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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CHAPTER I.

THE anger of Lord John O'Carrol was of no short duration. He had a soul in itself incapable of artifice and finesse; he could for this reason have forgiven an *injury* with much more readiness than he could have pardoned an imposition. He

shut himself up in his cottage for several days, rigorously refusing to listen to any terms of conciliation or atonement.

He carried this vindictive principle so far, that he abstained from his daily rambles on the sands, that he might not run the hazard of encountering any of the parties who had thus irritated the sensibilities of his nature.

The humble and penitential letters of Sir Arthur Conyers, at length accomplished a point, which had baffled all the efforts of his senior relatives.

Lord John, who felt it impossible to deny any thing to this facinating youth, was melted at the tender and vehement contrition which breathed a plaintive ardour into his epistles, again joined his sorrowing family.

Previous to this union, however, he exacted a promise from them, a *sacred* promise, of never again having recourse to artifice, or dissimulation: they had all been so grievously disappointed at the total failure of their last project, that there appeared very little likelihood of their again venturing to hazard so dangerous an experiment.

After this amicable adjustment they fell into their usual modes of proceeding, and were solicitous of partaking such amusements as Margate might be capable of affording.

Lady Susan alone shrunk from the allurements of gaiety, and recoiled from the fascinations of society. She dreaded, after what Arthur had told her, to encounter the ill bred Mr. Stevens, and his vulgar family. She now began to reap the bitter fruits of error and dissimulation.

 She

She felt, that had it not been for her own folly, she might have walked erect, and elated, amongst the most dignified characters in the British nation: that respect might have waited her footsteps as she moved along, and chearfulness and pleasure scattered roses in the paths of life.

How bitter was the contrast; when conscience starting from a momentary slumber, held the glass of truth before her eyes, and suddenly reversed these gay, these smiling prospects of felicity! she could not think of Woodville—of him who was to be the future guardian of her days, without terrour: she could not contemplate herself without remorse! she had given a low bred wretch an imperious command over her conduct—the most *arbitrary* tyranny over her freedom and her actions. *Secrecy* had bound her in the most galling fetters—had tempted her to deceit—and when sincerity was forfeited

forfeited she shuddered to reflect on the unstable basis of all the other virtues.

She now received a letter from Captain Woodville, acquainting her with his intention of coming to Margate, that he might have the honour of attending her at the Ball, which was about to take place.

Her pleasure at this intelligence was damped by all the before-mentioned considerations. The drop of bitterness folly had infused into her cup of life, poisoned the draught which happiness apparently presented to her hand.

Making an effort, however, to chase the sombre clouds of melancholy from her countenance;—at the request of her father, she accompanied young Conyers to the house of Lord Deloraine, with an invitation from the Duke to to the whole

family, to dine with him, that they might all proceed to the Ball in one party.

The hour appointed for dinner was a late one, to give Captain Woodville the opportunity of riding from Canterbury, after four o'clock, as he must be detained on parade duty till that period.

The Earl on condition, that they should punctually sit down to dinner at the appointed hour whether Charles did or did not arrive, gave his consent so this arrangement, not chusing to have his methodical precision deranged even for the conveniency of a favorite son.

Sir Arthur giving Lord Dalton a sly mischievous look, asked Laura Tempest to favor him with the honour of her hand for the two first dances.

She blushed—stammered out something

thing about not knowing whether she was engaged or not, and at last said she was engaged—casting a downward glance on the carpet. Sir Arthur tittered as he said—

"Now Laura I'll wager what you please, that you get your cap finely pulled this afternoon."

"For *what* Sir Arthur?"

"Why, because I know that sly guardy of mine, the Doctor, has commissioned Dalton to engage you for *him;* and pray, how can you expect even the *mild temper* of my grand aunt to put up with a little chit like you, carrying off her admirer! I tell you what—if Dalton has any pity for your head dress, he bad better dance with you *himself*, and say he made a mistake; for I insist upon preventing any trespass on my aunts prero-

 gative

gative, as sovereign Dulcinea by being your second partner."

"Fye! fye! Arthur!" said the Countess, "I won't have my darling called a tyrant, even in jest!"

"O, I am in *earnest* madam! he is the greatest tyrant in nature, and I shall maintain it—unless you will *bribe* me."

"What is your *price?*"

"Your Ladyship's interest with Doctor Glynne, to let me have my little Dick down here for a fortnight:—Mrs. Williams has promised to take care of him—but Guardy has refused consent; now I know that your Ladyship has great influence in that quarter, if you would only promise to exert it."

"My dear boy, I give you that pro-

mise

mise with all my heart, and I think the Doctor will not be able to withstand us *both*."

Henry Tempest now entered from his usual morning visit to Lord John O'Carrol—he looked rather dejected, and being asked the cause, shook his head, and said his Lordship was in one of his most abstracted and gloomy fits, and obstinately talked of returning to London—he had left him on the beach with Ben, and the poor old dog.

He had confessed to Henry, that though he had sincerely *forgiven* he had not *forgotten* the deception which had been so lately practised on him—his mind had been shocked and disordered.

His affection to Henry had exceeded all bounds when he learned that he was no way concerned in the transaction.

This was the case, for poor Henry at that time laboured under a slight fever, during which period, Laura never quitted his bedchamber, sitting up two whole nights in affectionate attendance on her brother; Doctor Glynne had advised the concealment of the transaction from them both, fearing that any anxiety for his patron, might tend to the augmentation of the young mans indisposition.

The account which Henry now brought of the beloved, the lamented Lord John, threw a damp over the whole company, until the Countess desired the young people to prepare to go out, in order to make some purchases for the evening.

The Ladies Susan O'Carrol, and Louisa Woodville, with Miss Tempest, attended by Lord Dalton and Sir Arthur Conyers, sat out for the town. Lady Harriot retiring to the library with Mr. Tempest, to

to pursue her study of the Italian tongue, of which language her father was particularly fond.

Laura Tempest made a proposition to the ladies, of their leaving her to call upon Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury, and joining them on their return.

Unwilling to lose her company Lord Dalton observed that they had better all pay their respects together: every one agreed to this, with the sole exception of Lady Louisa, who, with all her mothers pride, but without an equivalant portion of sense to regulate and guide it, steadfastly and positively refused.

Laura clearly foreseeing a hot contention between the brother and the sister, ran forward with Sir Arthur, and knocked at the door of the boarding

house, where Mr. and Mrs. Hanbury were lodged.

The good people happening not to be at home, the whole party strolled onwards in pursuance of their walk.

Lady Louisa continued pouting and hanging upon Lady Susan's arm, the latter making every good humoured effort to charm her out of her *sulks*.

As they left the Milliners shop, they met Mr. Stevens, his son and daughter in the act of entering it.

Mr. Stevens marching up to Sir Arthur, offered to shake hands with him, but the Baronet putting both his own hands into his pockets, brushed rather unceremoniously by him, saying hastily—

"How are ye—how are ye?"

Lady

Lady Susan gave them the distant courtsey of a very slight acquaintance, and followed her cousin.

Lord Dalton, giddy as the veriest school boy, took no notice, Miss Tempest said nothing, and Lady Louisa having torn her gown with her brothers spurs, was too busily employed in grumbling at him for his awkwardness, to observe the strange looking group which her cousin had acknowledged.

Lady Susan excessively embarrassed by this awkward rencounter forced herself to laugh and talk during the remainder of their preambulation, to prevent her friends observing how much she was chagrined.

The young people separated at Lord Deloraines, and her Ladyship and Sir Arthur proceeded homeward. On their way they met Lord John, and his faith-

ful

ful dog, who was so emaciated and enfeebled by his *almost supernatural* age, that he could scarcely crawl after his master.

They spoke to his Lordship who made them no answer, continuing with downcast eyes, the path which led to his little tenement.

On entering the Duke's house, they found Mrs. Scudamore in the highest exhileration of spirits, from having enjoyed the Doctor's undivided attention during the whole morning, and whom she had engaged as one of her whist party for the evening.

Sir Arthur mentioned the wretched state of Lord John to his guardian Glynne, upon which the worthy man went over to the cottage, with the hope of luring him from his dejection, and persuading him to make one of the dinner party.

Mrs. Scudamore retired to decorate her person, and her niece and nephew followed her example.

The guests were all assembled, and dinner announced before Doctor Glynne could prevail on the unhappy Lord O'Carrol to give them his company.

His Grace perceiving the dreadful situation of his brothers mind, requested Lord and Lady Deloraine to excuse his attending them to the Ball, as he was desirous of devoting the evening to Lord John, whom he said he would engage at Chess, a game which seldom failed to employ his mind, and assist him in his recovery.

According to the promise given to the methodical and punctual Earl of Deloraine, every body was seated at the table, as the clock struck the appointed hour.

In

In spite of the rallery of every one present, the eyes of poor Lady Susan were frequently directed towards the window in quest of Captain Woodville, who, before the soup had been served, rode up to the door in regimentals, covered with dust and his horse in a complete foam.

Having shaken hands all round he was about to take his seat by Lady Susan, when the hospitable and ever considerate Duke, entreated him to go and refresh himself in his dressing room.

Woodville would willingly have accepted this proposition, but the *systematical* Earl desired him to sit still, saying—

"Soldiers should not mind such trifles, and that there was nothing he disliked so much, as having a whole company deranged for the accommodation of one person."

Accustomed

Accustomed from childhood, to his worthy father's particularities, Woodville good naturedly complying, began his dinner.

He appeared more heated and flurried than might have been expected, which giving rise to many enquiries, he confessed that a delay had taken place, from his servants having been thrown off his horse, about seven miles from Canterbury.

He returned with him to see him bled, which event had caused him to ride fourteen miles *extra.*

Lady Susan proposed giving up the Ball as she was sure that Charles was very unfit for dancing. Woodville would not agree to this plan, and told her, he still thought he should be able to dance till she cried—"*hold enough*"—making

her promise not to have any other partner till he *gave it in*.

Lord Deloraine, always in a fidget about time, never ceased worrying the young people, until they were seated in their carriages.

Mrs. Scudamore's first care on her arrival was to secure a comfortable card table, and to make up her whist party. Lord Deloraine asked Henry Tempest to dance with his darling daughter Harriot; well knowing that he would *not* presume to solicit such an honour of his own accord. Sir Arthur sure of a more agreeable partner in Laura, the next set, offered himself to Louisa; but her moody Ladyships ill humours not having had sufficient time to evaporate, she declined, and seated herself by the card table.

Her father, who appeared to consider the

the very *sight* of one as a *contamination*, remained in the Ball room.

Lady Susan O'Carrol, as the female of the most exalted rank then dancing, opened the ball with Woodville, who seemed to have thrown off all his fatigue, and had never in his life appeared to greater advantage.

Near the conclusion of the first set, her Ladyship observed Mr. Stevens, his son and Daughter, grinning and nodding to every note of the music.

Her pleasure received a sudden check, and Woodville's eyes following the direction of hers, he was surprised to observe the over dressed youth, advancing with his father, towards this elegant daughter of fashion; to whom the elder Stevens without the least hesitation, and with the most impudent effrontery, the result of ignorance

ignorance and vulgarity, introduced his son, and requested the favor of her hand for the *next set.*

Petrified at this assurance, Captain Woodville's eyes silently measured both father and son, from head to foot—wondering *who* or *what* they possibly could be.

Lady Susan, whose spirits had been exalted to the highest pitch, and now feeling a strong protection in having her lover by her side, forgot all her caution, and the debts which had given rise to it: her comic eyes alternately turned on her *present* and her *proposed* partner; the *contrast* struck her as so truly ludicrous, that unmindful of the precepts of a late celebrated Earl; she burst into a violent fit of laughter.

Woodville, who had drank a little wine, and

and whose spirits had been animated by the rosey draught, felt the full force of sympathy, and converted the loud *Solo* of his intended into as loud a *Duetto*.

Sir Arthur, who witnessed this scene at a distance, sacrificed his own mirthful inclinations to the suggestions of prudence, and coming up to them clapped Mr. Stevens on the back, by way of drawing aside his attention from his two giddy friends.

He enquired after his family. Lady Susan perceiving the kind intentions of her cousin, immediately recovered her gravity, and apologising for her mal-a-propos titter, declared that it had been excited by the recollection of a very old joke.

With a slight courtsey she would have passed on; but the malicious disposition

of Mr. Stevens, feeling her totally in his power, resolved that she should be punished for the disrespect she had evinced; thus meanly gratifying a low and vulgar pleasure, in having a young woman of her rank under obligations to him—obligations which he determined she should *feel:* he bustled busily and earnestly up to her, saying—

"But your Ladyship has not said whether you will dance the next *hop* with my Sammy or not."

Lady Susan, with a stiffness of manner, which she hoped would awe his boisterous familiarity, replyed—

"I am much obliged by the *honour* you propose me, but I happen to be engaged."

"Well, well,"—rejoined the persevering

vering Stevens, as he followed her, while she moved onwards with the astounded Woodville. "Well, well, my Lady, that shall break no squares, the *hop after*, that will do just as well—Sammy can get a cup of wishy washy with me and Dolly—Dolly a'nt got a partner yet neither—but I'll get her a good un, I warrant you—leave me alone for that."

"I am engaged the whole evening, Sir, and never dance with any one to whom I have not been previously introduced."

Stevens here eyed her with glances of the most brutal irony, saying in a provoking tone.

"Indeed!—you need not be so uppish my Lady—I know a joke worth two of that."

He

He then walked away with his sheepish son, towards the Master of the Ceremonies. As soon as they were gone, Lady Susan, who began to be alarmed at the old man *muttering*, turned towards Woodville, who stood lost in amazement at this so truly novel and inexplicable scene.

" I have a favour to request of you my dear Charles."

" Command me Susan—I can deny you nothing."

" I beg you, then, to ask me no questions about this *precious* family, nor to make any inquiry respecting them of other persons—at a future time I may perhaps give you my reasons for this, but I make no *promises*."

Woodville, who was terribly tormented with

with that constant companion of jealousy, *curiosity*, most heartily repented of having complied with her request—however he (with not the best grace in the world) renewed his assurance of not interrogating her or any *other person*.

The giddy Lady Susan had yet more mortifications in store for her, for the moment Woodville led her to join the second dance, Mr. Stevens, with his son, accompanied by the Master of the Ceremonies,, addressing her with a smile truly sardonic, said—

" This gentleman tells me that it is the custom here to change partners every set, and a lady can't refuse *one* gentleman and dance with *another;* so my Lady as I've no mind to spoil your sport, here's my Sammy *ready:*—excuse me Sir!—well then my Lady you'll please to bring your-

 self

self to an anchor, and sit down, for I won't see my son ill used by any body—as fine a lad as was ever seen, though I say it that should not say it—though I will say it, if it is to be said, as the saying is."

Woodville had been speaking to the Master of the Ceremonies, informing him of his situation in respect to the young lady in question.

This modern Beau Nash, with great politeness, endeavoured to reconcile Mr. Stevens to his vexation. His soothing manners had, however, very little effect, the old gentleman being more actuated by *malice*, at her Ladyship's slight acknowledgement of him in the morning, than even by *pride*, which nevertheless formed no inconsiderable portion of his present ill humour.

Sir Arthur, quick as lightening, wherever the claims of friendship called for his assistance, and guessing the real cause of the agitation he perceived, immediately joined them. He was instantly master of the dispute, and clapping the half drunk, surly old fellow on the back, called out—

" Why man, what have you done with your lovely daughter! I never saw a girl so like her father in my life!—faith you must have been a precious handsome fellow. Come leave my foolish cousin to dance with her red coat, and introduce me to delight the whole company by dancing with Miss Dolly—one in a family is enough in all reason, my old buck!"

Delighted with the youth's flattery, which would have disgusted any man, whose scull had beeen of less comforta-

ble thickness; the foolish Stevens and his calf headed son, who felt almost annihilated by the imperious glances of Woodville, followed the Baronet, almost mechanically to the bench.

The young gentlemen of the ball room had to a man started away from the luckless Dorothea. with that sort of horrour they would have felt at the sight of a rattle snake; of course she eagerly snatched at the proffered hand of the fascinating Conyers. When she had gone down one dance with her charming beau, whilst she was standing close to Sir Arthur and her father, Lord Deloraine came up to him to reprove him for selecting so improper a partner, as from her vulgar dress and manners, he thought he had acted very thoughtlessly in entering into such an association.

As his Lordship always spoke very audibly when he delivered an opinion, Stevens unluckily overheard each word as he uttered it. His temper was never good, and his present state of intoxication tended to render his disposition doubly irritable and acrimonious.

Ignorant of his Lordship's rank, he strutted up to him, saying—

"That young lady whom you are pleased to think not genteel enough for this here youngster, is my *dater*, and let me tell you, old gentleman, I can give her ——— but I dont choose to boast:—every body knows, that knows any thing at all, that I am one of your *warm ones*: and let me see you, or any one else turn up your noses at her:—marry come up, my dirty cousin!"

Excessively provoked at the coarse fellows impudent volubility, and not at all delighted with some of his impertinent epithets the Earl threw such a portion of contemptuous haughtiness into his dignified countenance as he said—

" Sir! it is to be lamented that you do not confine yourself to the circle where your *worth* seems to be much better appreciated than it is here."

Then turning to Sir Arthur he continued.

" As you have engaged yourself to this persons daughter, you must finish the set; but I beg Sir Arthur Conyers will in future act with a little more regard to himself than to dance with the daughter of a low tradesman."

" That's

"That's a *lie* Sir!" said the undaunted Stevens.

Thrown off his guard by this insult, the imperious Earl applied his cane to the protuberance which nature had given Stevens by way of a head. Hollow was the sound which ensued. The dancing citizen stripped off his coat, and capered up to his Lordship in a boxing attitude.

Woodville observing his father's agitation, and Sir Arthur's endeavours to appease the enraged disputants, came up, and with the assistance of all the young men of fashion in the assembly, fairly elbowed the roaring Stevens out of the room.

"I am a warm fellow!" He bawled

out as he was trundled down stairs, and his grimaces were so extravagant, that an universal shout of laughter followed his exit.

CHAPTER II.

WHILST this truly curious scene was passing in the Ball Room, Mrs. Scudamore owing to the defection of one of her whist associates, had been introduced, as a frolic, by her mischievous nephew Sir Arthur, to Mrs. Stevens, who declared herself quite delighted to get a comfortable game at *whisk* at last.

Mrs. Scudamore, whose love of cards was exceeded by her pride and pomposity alone, not in the least suspecting the ill bred vulgarity of her new acquaintance, to whose very name she was a stranger, received her with as much condescension and affability as she was capable of affecting; but a very few moments served to develope Mrs. Stevens's real rank in society, for, on the Doctor turning up the Ace of trumps, she comforted herself and partner, by observing, that—

"There was seldom many servants in the house when gentlefolks (alluding to the honours) came to the door themselves."

Mrs. Scudamore started, but remained in silent stupefaction.

The lady amused herself with devouring

ing raisins, and swallowing sugared pepper corns, the latter being good, as she said for *windy cholicks.*

Perceiving that she attracted attention as she made excursions from time to time to her pockets:—with more good nature than delicacy, she offered them mixed together, in her hot palm to Mrs. Scudamore, who bursting with pride and indignation, durst not trust her voice to decline the proffered civility, but bowed with an air of the most repulsive dignity.

Doctor Glynne, whose failing was similar to that of his beloved young ward—*videlicet*, a taste for the humorous and ridiculous, good naturedly accepted Mrs. Stevens's *bon bons*, in hopes by this chearful acquiescence to extract further food for his mirth and laughter.

Mrs. Stevens, arrived at all the happiness of which her phlegmatic constitution was susceptible, talked more than usual, declaring herself a famous player, and that Hoyle was a fool wherever *she* came.

On her partner (an old stiff lady of quality) playing an ace, she called out—

"That's right *mem!* first your aces, then your king's and queen's, and then tickle 'em up with your knaves, if they'll go round."

Winking archly at the Doctor, for fear this witticism should be thrown away upon him.

She pulled out five guinea pieces, as markers, a circumstance which she thought would impress the company with a favourable opinion of her wealth. On the

the Doctor inquiring whether the ladies chose tea, she exclaimed—

"Aye Doctor! let's have a pure warm comfortable dish!—I hate your *flippy, floppy, dawdly* stuff."

When it arrived she greatly offended Mrs. Scudamore's delicacy by spreading her handkerchief on her lap, observing, "that she liked to take her tea, *comfortable* fashion;" she poured it into her saucer, and placed her cup on the pack of clean cards, not to wet the table; when she had done this, she put her crust into her cup (desiring the waiter to bring her another) assigning her want of teeth as the cause, at the same time wiping the cards with her handkerchief: understanding that she was to pay for these implements of pleasure, she began a haggling bargain with the waiter for two or three spoiled

spoiled packs to carry home with her; at the same time betraying, that she never kept any but second hand cards in her house, and kindly informing Mrs. Scudamore, of whose rank as well as the other lady's she was totally ignorant, where she might get them cheap, at a little chandlers shop, the mistress of which had a son a waiter at a tavern.

Unable to controul her anger, but too high bred to give it vent in words, her struggles to conceal it, made Mrs. Scudamore so negligent of her game, that she was on the point of losing it, when Miss Stevens furiously rushed into the room, with her hair about her ears; her passion, added to her dancing had discomposed her head dress most woefully—she cried in a half choaked voice—

" Do come along Ma! for Pa has pick'd

pick'd a quarrel—kick'd up a row, and gotten turned out of the room; and that there Sam has slunked away and left us for to take care of ourselves."

Mrs. Stevens, whose apathy nothing could rouse, very coolly finished her game (while her turbulent daughter kept teasing her to go) and pocketing the money, not forgetting the five guinea pieces, would have renewed her negociation with the waiter, with proportionable sang froid; Miss now vowed, that if she did not come along, she would go without her.

"Don't you see Ma, that all the people are sniggering and laughing at us."

"Well Dolly, don't be so fussey, I dare say your father is a little in liquor."

"A *little* in liquor! why he's downright

right drunk—and in such a pasion—I don't know what it is all about—but he has been fairly *ousted* out of the room." Cried this *stoical* daughter, while her mama was calmly pinning up her gown, putting on her shawl, and changing her clean white gloves for a pair of dirty yellow ones; then tying a coloured silk pocket handkerchief over her head, she wished the petrified Mrs. Scudamore, and the rest of the party a good night, told her daughter she was ready to go, adding, "that as it was moonlight, she intended to *trudge* it home."

Miss mortified at the surrounding titterings, hastily seized hold of her arm, and they made their exit together.

They were scarcely out of sight, when Lady Susan, pale as ashes, supported by Captain Woodville and Lady Deloraine,

entered

entered the card room, and in a faint voice begged her *lover* to accompany her home, and requested her aunt to do her the same favour.

Lady Susan O'Carrol was certainly among the dearest objects of Mrs. Scudamore's affections; terrified at her agitation, she complyed silently with her wishes, as she felt fearful of asking questions in so public a place.

Lord Dalton consigning Laura Tempest and Lady Louisa to the care of Sir Arthur Conyers, escorted them to their carriage, while he, with Henry Tempest's assistance, remained to appease and persuade Lord Deloraine to return home, which point was with some difficulty accomplished. Doctor Glynne paid every attention to the ladies.

On

On Mrs. Scudamore and her nieces returning home, Sir Arthur, without speaking, ran up stairs to bed, ashamed of the trouble and confusion which his frolic had given rise to.

When they entered the parlour, the butler, who had lived with the *late* Duke as valet, and confidential servant, informed them with strong marks of distress on his countenance, Lord John had been so very bad that evening, that the Duke had been near sending for the Doctor, and that he was now in the library with his Grace.

Doctor Glynne, excessively shocked at this intelligence, ordered him to send a servant for Mr. Tempest, whose mild and gentle manners seldom failed of having the most salutary effects upon the mind of his unhappy benefactor.

He

He went in propria persona to the library, and sent the Duke to appease the terrour of his already agitated daughter, who seemed to have lost all memory of her own uneasiness and perplexities, in the more powerfully painful sense of this new calamity.

His grace then informed them, that after their departure from the house, Lord John engaging with him at at game of chess, had appeared more tranquil than he ordinarily was.

On a servant bringing in the newspaper, his brother requested him to read aloud; in hopes of amusing him with this little magazine of novelties, and daily occurrences he complied:—he had just began an account of a slight convulsion of the earth in a distant part of the kingdom, when he was roused from his oc-

occupation

cupation by a loud hysterical laugh from Lord O'Carrol; who overturning the table, chess board, and candles, repeatedly shouted as if in the exultation of triumph—exclaiming—

" 'Tis well!—'tis most excellent!—so may we all *perish!*—receive me again oh earth!"

Then turning to the Duke, with a composure more horrible than his former violence, continued.

" Why is it more difficult for me to die, George, than any body else? war famine, murder, plague, and pestilence, can mow down nations, yet I am *here!* the sword of the destroying angel will not smite—— I!—I shall live!—live *for ever!*"

Then exhausted by his passions, he threw himself on the floor and wept.

The Duke endeavoured to restore the apartment to some degree of order, being unwilling to render the extravagant paroxysms of his brother, a common spectacle for the busy conversation of loquacious servants; but the wretched sufferer did not long remain in a state of quiescence, for suddenly starting up, he insisted upon going to see the earthquake, that he might try whether there was room for him—then adding, that his father would only drag him back to hateful life, he relapsed into his former agonies, which compelled the Duke to summon Ben, and the butler to his assistance.

Ben, as he had been directed by Doctor Glynne, bled him (and so good an instructor is *affection*, that he performed the

the operation with the precision of an artist) while he appeared totally unconscious of their operations, they applied a blister also, to the back of his neck.

He was now on the sofa, expecting a chaise to carry him to London, whither he insisted on going, and where to amuse and pacify his mind, they had feigned to agree that he should.

In a quarter of an hour the servant, who had been sent to Mr. Tempest, returned with this young gentleman, who was immediately conducted to Lord John, who wildly gazing on him, as he offered him his hand, asked him if he would venture to administer the sacrament to so great a *sinner*.

Much shocked at such frequent declations of guilt, which all who knew him

falt

felt convinced were only the melancholy vapours arising from his deplorable malady, his surrounding friends were unable to speak for some time.

At length, starting up, he declared his resolution of going, although now past two o'clock in the morning, to walk upon the sands.

Doctor Glynne, who had attended him since his first return *as a maniac* to his native land, thought nothing more likely to compose him than a compliance with this wish. He thought, likewise, that the mild breezs from the sea might have a healing tendency in cooling his poor fevered brain, and that the exercise of this diversion, would probably put aside his project of going to London.

He accordingly, in company with the

Duke

Duke and Mr. Tempest, attended him to the beach. He walked for some time in solemn silence, listening to the melancholy murmur of the sullen waves, then turning to his reverend young friend, he said—

" Is the soul of a body unsanctified by sepulchral rites, believed by the tenets of your faith, to be admitted to the presence of God!"

" Surprised at this question, which imply'd some doubt disturbing his mind, Mr. Tempest, with the most tenderly soothing gentleness and affect on, entered into a long dissertation upon the subject, concluding with an elogium on the exalted justice, and the boundless mercy of the great God of all.

Lord John heard him with complacency till

till he had nearly concluded, when stopping him, he said with less impetuosity than before—

"Forbear Henry! forbear!—the first part of your discourse, like him who inspired it, and whose worthy servant you are, has beamed tranquility and peace upon my darkened soul—but when you enlarge upon that divinè attribute of Heaven, the *justice* of the *Almighty*—what do you hold out to me?—Desparation!"

Here his large blue eyes were cast upwards to Heaven; his hands were clasped, and his muscular and almost gigantic form, trembled under agitations which convulsed every fibre, with corporeal and mental agony; he presented a terrible spectacle to the eyes of his afflicted friends.

The Duke totally unable to endure the sight, hid his face in his hands, while sobs broke with the violence of pent up thunders, from the bosom of the sufferer. Imagination could not picture a scene more awful at *such*—more afflicting at *any* time.

Doctor Glynne and Mr. Tempest, were in a whisper consulting how to deal with this beloved patient:—Henry putting up a silent, but fervent prayer, took him by the arm, and cried.—"Come, my Lord, let us go home."

"Home! home!—Where is that?" repeated Lord John.

The agitated Duke sobbed out as he clasped him—

"Thy home, my brother, is the hearts

of

of all who know thee—the poor—thy relatives—the afflicted!"

Deeply affected at this emotion, Lord John dropped a tear on his cheek, and sighing deeply, said—

" Pardon me—forgive me—I am born to be an object of terrour and distress to those for whose happiness I would forfeit my life!—no great matter indeed, for. what is life to *me?*—but come, I will, with God's assistance, endeavour to be more calm, and less troublesome to you all; but you must not leave me Harry—*myself* is my minds greatest enemy, and I wish, indeed I wish to be less troublesome to my friends."

They then walked slowly home, Lord John's expressive eyes beaming fraternal affection in his brother's face, whilst he grasped him nervously by the arm.

 Doctor

Doctor Glynne went first, to prevent the servants from encountering Lord O'Carrol, as he entered the house, knowing that the most trifling occurrence would suffice to destroy the slight degree of tranquility he had obtained, by his brother's gentle appeal to his feelings.

They conducted him to his chamber, where he silently suffered himself to be undressed, and put to bed, where Henry took a chair by his side, and by Doctor Glynne's entreaties the wretched man was persuaded to endeavour at attaining that repose he so much needed.

Mrs Scudamore, and Lady Susan, deceived by a favourable message, which the considerate butler pretended to have brought from the Duke, had retired before the party made their nocturnal excursion to the beach.

Lord John, by the assistance of a soporific draught, enjoyed several hours of uninterrupted sleep, during which, Henry on his knees addressed his pious prayers to him who can alone administer relief to the lacerated feelings of the afflicted mind; sad was the reflection, that Heaven's choice blessing *(reason)* was denied to a nobleman, who hopeless of happiness in his *own* person, never lost sight of an opportunity to contribute to the happiness of others.

"Oh! what a noble mind was here o'erthrown."

Immediately on waking, his Lordship revived his former incoherent plan of going to London. He appeared somewhat tranquillised, telling his friends that he would only remain a few days at the metropolis, and then return to them. He steadfastly refused any of their proffers of

accompanying him, but consented to Ben's going.

Knowing that nothing could detain him except *force*, which never failed to aggravate his disorder, they at length reluctantly consented to an arrangement of the plan of his journey.

The Duke's butler, Bryan, asking leave (but as if from *himself*) to go to town to see his father, Lord John, unsuspicious of the pious fraud of his brother, said he would carry the poor old man with *him*. This was what all parties wished, as they thought Ben Wilson might stand in need of some assistance in the execution of his arduous charge.

Sir Arthur Conyers was in the mean time very uneasy at the awkward predicament, in which his love of fun had placed his friends on the preceeding night, and dreading

dreading to meet the irritated Mrs. Scudamore, and the affronted Earl, besides having to encounter the fury of the vulgar Stevens and his dowdy daughter; he wrote a note explanatory of his fault and expressive of his penitence to his indulgent guardian, Doctor Glynne; he at the same time earnestly entreated for permission to go back to London.

This note he sent by his servant, and awaited the answer in his own chamber.

A lucky thought immediately flashed athwart the mind of the Doctor—he shewed the letter to lord John—who smilingly replied—

"I see Dear Glynne, you and George are *determined* I shall not go alone—well, be it so—Arthur may possibly be as fit a

companion for me as any other—but mark! he *must return* with me.

This condition being most chearfully acceded to, the youthful Baronet taking leave of Lady Susan, and the Duke, left his respects and love to all his other friends, and thus fortunately escaping the dreaded interview with aunt Anne, he with Lord John commenced the journey to the metropolis early the next morning

CHAPTER III.

MRS. SCUDAMORE had prepared in her own mind a most deliciously, eloquent, and dignified reproof, for the mischievous Conyers, which she had determined to deliver with all due solemnity, by inviting him to partake breakfast in her dressing room, as she by no means wished her soi disant lover Doctor Glynne

to be a witness of her oratorical ability in the Xantippe style, and this she knew must have been the case if she took her breakfast with the family, for the good lady felt very conscious that her anger would break through all prudential motives, the moment she set eyes on her unlucky nephew.

She had read in a book, lent her by the Doctor, that Minerva had thrown away her flute, when she saw (in a fountain of course) how much the exertion discomposed the symetry of her features; she had likewise read, that a certain great man of antiquity wished his slave to present a mirror before him, that he might be deterred from anger, in beholding the frightful grimaces into which *that* passion threw his countenance.

Now she did not wish her lover to be the witness of these contortions, and therefore,

therefore, prudently resolved to exercise them with only one witness.

Totally ignorant of the distressing scenes of the last night, and the intended journey to London, she was much surprised when her woman returned with a message from Sir Arthur's man, "that Sir Arthur was gone to Town with Lord John O'Carrol, and regreted not being able to pay his duty to her, or receive the honour of her commands."

Disapointed in thus losing the object of her displeasure, she resolved, at least, to gratify her curiosity, by questioning the unfortunate Lady Susan upon the occurrences of the last night: she was not overwhelmed with any excruciating sensibilities at the history given her by Madam Abigail, touching the calamitous situation of Lord John.

His Lordships aversion being most amply returned by this irritable lady, who denounced him for a rude unpolished sea water animal, not fit for polite society, and that she thought he ought to be confined, for his crazy fits were terrifying to any people of *nerves* or *delicacy;* and that as for his squandering his immense fortune upon two *foundling brats,* who for ought she knew might be *beggars* children, it was what she could by no means approve of—that the Duke ought to prevent such goings on, but he never consulted her on the subject—if he had, she should decidedly have set her face against a measure which was likely to deprive her dear Susan of her rightful inheritance—because, forsooth, the wretched nobleman was at times bereft of the noblest gift of Heaven—*that* which exalts man, the lord above the brute creation! It would have been all that his brother had any right to do, if he had settled a comfortable

comfortable annuity upon him, and taken his affairs into his own custody! as *law* allows in such cases.

Such a habit of thinking in aunt Anne, was doubtless unfeeling and reprehensible—it must, however, be confessed, as some kind of apology for doctrines so detestable, that Mrs. Scudamore was no *luminary;* her's was all *superficial* knowledge.

Proud—bad tempered—the eldest daughter of Peer—her masters and governesses had kept her in humour by allowing her to take just as *much* of their instructions as she pleased, (which was but a small portion) while they lavished all their cares upon her two youngest sisters, Lady Conyers, and the Dutchess of Montcastle; who to their exquisite loveliness of person, joined sweetness of temper, and quickness of perception, which

which instead of emulating, served to augment Mrs. Anne's dislike to the controul of instruction.

It might have been said by her friends, that she had a good heart, and in the veritable spirit of christian charity, it is to be hoped that this assertion was founded in truth; but as the heart is generally to be judged by the actions, the point (to speak in the most indulgent manner) remains to this day a *disputed* one.

She always, when in London, went regularly to the Chapel Royal, because she thought it decorous to go where other people of *quality* went; but we cannot think such *fashionable devotion* would avail much with him, who hears the prayer of the ship boy on the mast, and the prisoner in the dungeon: when the residue of the day was passed in canvassing the dresses of the congregation, criticising

cising the officiating divine, and analyzing whether she had received and paid a due degree of salutation and attention to her acquaintance, in the adjoining pews.

She subscribed to all *genteel* public charities likewise, but never did Mrs. Scudamore, laying aside her darling dignity, descend into the obscure cottage of wretchedness, or search for a deserving object on whom she might besotw the superfluity of affluence.

Possessed of wealth, *more* than she properly knew how to expend, she submitted herself to the implicit guidance of a mercenary domestic, who had by artful flattery obtained such influence over her weak mind, that she became an easy prey to her waiting woman, who despised her more, because she *knew* her better than any body else.

With

With all her worst passions afloat from the occurrences of the preceeding evening, she descended into the drawing room.

Lady Susan was gone down to the beach with Woodville, whom she wished to keep out of the way of making such inquiries as she knew could not be resolved to his satisfaction.

Lord Deloraine during this period, received a letter intimating the severe and dangerous illness of a very near and dear friend, who most earnestly requested to see him as soon as possible, to consult with him upon the serious alteration of the health of his only son. The Earl declared his serious intention of going to town, adding, that he was come to request the company and assistance of Doctor Glynne. He did not mean to

carry Lady Deloraine or his family with him.

The Duke, his spirits affected and depressed by his brother's recent relapse into insanity, declared that nothing but the necessity of his awaiting Lord John's return, could induce him to remain at Margate, a place which seemed to have been particularly unpropitious to him—like most of the pleasurable plans of human life, it had appeared far more delightful in the perspective than it had proved in the reality.

He promised however to supply the place of the Earl in the performance of every attention in his power to the ladies of the Deloraine family.

As soon as Doctor Glynne returned from a walk he had been taking with Mr. Tempest, he was entreated by the Earl to

to grant the benefit of his advice and assistance to his Lordships dear and afflicted friend.

With his active, and characteristical benevolence, Glynne immediately assented to this proposal, in which he was joined by Henry Tempest, who also much wished to see Lord John, whom he durst not have followed without such a pretence.

Lord Deloraine (like every one else who knew this amiable young man, was always happy in his society) accepted his offer with the strongest marks of gratitude.

Henry was the true and unaffected friend of the afflicted. If ever he was betrayed into the slightest neglect of any one, it was always in the hours of felicity and prosperity—in the hour of adversity

or

or sorrow, regardless of every personal inconvenience, setting *self* totally aside, Henry Tempest like a ministering angel, hovered over the couch of the sufferer, relieved the tortured heart, and dropped the manna of consolation on the desart mind.

Seldom, very seldom did his mild and persuasive doctrines fail of their effect. Religion was not, in his hand, the flaming sword that drove the first transgressors out of Paradise, it was a mild beacon, a lambent light, to guide the wretch from storms and shipwreck to the the haven of felicity.

While they were arranging the plan of their journey, Woodville and his fair companion entered the room. The former was obliged to return the next morning to his regiment, at Canterbury, but when he heard of the serious illness of his fathers

ther's friend, he requested to ask leave of absence for a few days, that he might personally attend upon the amiable and afflicted Horatio Saville.

The Earl aware of Saville's strong attachment to Charles, and hoping that he might be able to assist in chearing his desponding spirits, consented, saying—

"Yes, my son!—besides the delight you will feel in comforting and assisting our poor friend, you may reap a *moral* benefit from the contemplation of his sufferings—you may in his house see the effects of a vice I have had so many reasons to *abhor!*—when I reflect on the agonies it has cost my poor dear Saville—I could almost forget myself and fall to curses! when a woman brings *rags* and *poverty* into a family the evil may be remedied, but if she is a *gamester*, the plague is in-

curable!

curable! from such a calamity God preserve *all* who are dear to me."

These words ran like iron through the chilled blood of the almost fainting Lady Susan, she was forced to turn aside her head in order to conceal the violence of her emotion.

Lord Deloraine, Henry, and Doctor Glynne, then took leave of the family in order to commence their melancholy expedition.

The Duke in the intention of dissipating the lowness of his spirits ordered out his horse for a ride, preferring it to a carriage, in which he should have felt compelled to solicit the honour of Mrs. Scudamore's company, or become one of the objects of her sarcasm and spleen; this good lady, being at that time, to make use of one of Sir Arthur's phrases,

completely

completely in the dumps, for added to her other vexations, her *imagined* lover Doctor Glynne, had now left Margate.

Lady Susan, who in Charles's intoxicating conversation, had almost lost sight of all her former troubles, seeing the storm gathering in the eyes of aunt Anne, proposed to Wodville, in a whisper, to engage the maiden gentlewoman at a game of chess, while she dressed for dinner.

Charles who was really one of those goodnatured creatures who never deny any one favour in their power to bestow, although by no means enraptured with his proposed partner, immediately, with a smile beaming upon his countenance, entreated Mrs. Scudamore to favour him with her company a the chess board, at the same time using the precaution of throwing in a compliment upon her superior skill.

As it was impossible to give vent to her ill temper; and as *spleen* like other volatiles must evaporate in time, the good lady gave a gulp, and swallowing her ill humors graciously condescended to enter into a trial of skill with the young Captain.

Woodville shortly after received permission of absence for a brief period, that he might pay his attentions to Saville, the friend of his fathers heart, for which purpose he took an affectionate leave of his own family, and after a tender interview with his Susan, sat out in a post chaise for the metropolis.

It will here be necessary to give a short sketch of the History of Horatio Saville and his Family—not that we approve the usual mode of ramifying a novel until it becomes a dozen little Stories, connected into one, and perhaps after all the history

of the hero is the most insignificant in the collection.

It is our opinion, that an episode should be subservient to the general and *grand* design of the work, and such we trust the following chapter will be found to be—as it, the story of poor Saville and his lady, which had an influence in bringing about many events which will be found in the concluding pages of this work: it will also account for a trait in Lord Deloraine's character, which we have had frequent occasion to remark—to wit, his antipathy to the sight of a card table, or any other object which tended to the promotion of games of chance.

It is now some time since we have indulged ourselves in the darling gratification of appearing upon the scene in *propria persona*, we promise not to do so in future, save when necessity requires it, and

and assure thee gentle reader, that to make a story clearly understood through several long volumes, is a matter of no ordinary facility—if thou hast any doubts on this subject, thou hast only to call for pen, ink and paper, and make the experiment—after which, if thou dost not turn a *first rate author*, there is every human probability of thy proving a *candid critic*.

STORY

OF

HORATIO SAVILLE.

CHAPTER IV.

"The father of Horatio Saville was descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, a circumstance which had some remote influence in the early friendship which had subsisted between Lord Deloraine, and himself.

"The

The Earl, though he did not believe that every moral virtue must be enregistered in the Heralds Office, yet thought high birth of the greatest importance, and could never endure the intimacy or conversation of such persons who affected either to *think* or *talk* lightly of genealogical advantages, or hereditary honours.

Saville agreed with him in all these particularities; they had passed the happiest days of their lives together. In their studies they were associates, in their travels they had been companions—together they had traversed the snows of Russia—tracked the progress of Hannibal over the Alps, and breathed the sighs of classical regret at the tomb of Maro.

To make the narrative as *concise* as possible, it is only necessary to state, that no two souls were ever blended together

with a more refined congeniality of sentiment.

On their return from travel, Saville at the earnest request of his father, was united to a woman, for whom he had never felt those soft ardours which usually determine the fate of young men. He was, however, informed that the happiness of the author of his being depended upon his compliance, and sacrificed his own prospects of happiness with a *sigh*, but without a *murmur*. He made, notwithstanding, an excellent husband

A year after his marriage the young Horatio was born. Lord Deloraine stood God Father to the boy, and Saville in the soothing powers of friendship, found a balm for all the inferior disquietudes of life.

The old Mr. Saville at this period

met

met with a most fatal end. He had connected himself with a crew of fashionable gamesters, lost his all to these specious sharpers, and not daring to avow his follies to the son he had ruined, put a period to his miseries by laudanum.

It was not till after the dreadful catastrophe had taken place, that this thunder stroke fell on his unhappy son.

Lord Deloraine at this moment stepped forward, and in the most delicate manner obviated the pecuniary embarrassments of his friend, by procuring him a lucrative place in an office under Government; a second blow awaited the unhappy young man, his wife died in her second labour, and the infant cherub perished with its mother. His young Horatio, and Lord Deloraine still armed him with philosophy to struggle on with life

The Earl at this time was on the eve of being married to his present Countess; one of her rejected suitors, a worthless profligate young man of Fashion, stung with fury at the success of his rival, infamously uttered some disrespectful words concerning the lady.

This circumstance happening to come to the knowledge of Saville, he was in agonies least Deloraine should likewise hear of his insolence, and think it necessary to call him out. That the precious life of his friend should be risked in a contest with an incendiary, and a scoundrel! was an idea too keenly painful for the generous grateful mind of Saville. He resolved at every risk to prevent such a hazard, and contrived to send a challenge to the libellous defamer, they met—it was agreed that they should fire at the same time—death issued from each fatal tube and the two antagonists

 fell

fell wounded on the ground. The slanderer with his dying breath declaring that the words he had uttered, had been the base suggestion of disappointed love. Saville lived twelve hours after; these hours he passed in comforting the distracted Deloraine, who accused himself as the author of his death:—In recommending his soul to his creator, and his little Horatio to his friend, he died like a man and a christian. Sacred was the deposit he left behind him.

Horatio Saville was dear to the Earl as one of his own children; he bred him up with the liberal allowance of a gentleman, and he was beloved by the whole family, and by Charles in particular, with most fraternal affection.

The Earl would never name Horatio, or be addressed by him under any other title than that of friend.

"Sacred to him who *died* for me!" he would cry, "I will transmit the *hallowed name* to his successor, to the heir of his virtues!"

Saville, by his merits, attracted the affections of the lovely Lady Lausina Walgrove. Her father dying, left his only child to Horatio, with a dower proportionate to the expectations of an Earl's daughter.

Lord Deloraine, it is needless to say, was delighted at this apparent kindness of fortune, to the merits of his beloved young friend. Saville was ten years older than either of the Earl's children, who had lost several before the birth of Lord Ernest, which had made him rely on Horatio with added fondness, a fondness not at all diminished when blessed with a son who did at *last* survive the dangers to which infancy is exposed.

Lady

Lady Lausina was only seventeen years old when married to Saville; she was young, gay, handsome, and good-tempered, and her liveliness of disposition joined to her youth, added also to the elegant stile in which she had formerly lived, gave an air of disinterestedness to her acceptance of Horatio, in preference to several more wealthy rivals, which was in fact the mere result of a giddiness of ideas, which precluded the deliberation that ought to be a component part in the disposition of a well educated young woman, more especially if she is about to enter that holy situation, which imperiously calls for the most energetic exertion in the discharge of female duties.

For the first two months of their marriage, they were perfectly happy; but Lady Lausina soon gave her husband cause to believe, that *mere beauty* in a wife, is but a sandy foundation for the solid

solid structure of connubial felicity; no sooner did she become the wife of Saville than she suffered those fluttering gad flies to be buzzing about her, who, whilst she was single dared not openly express their admiration, least they should have been suspected of a propensity to commit the *unfashionable crime of matrimony* or become *domestic*, but now all such visionary terrors were done away, they thought they might with impunity amuse themselves in paying her all those gallant attentions, which to a young and inexperienced woman, aie of the most dangerous tendency.

Without one shadow of jealousy in his composition, Horatio Saville saw all ner little foibles in the most favourable point of view—and if such an observation may be pardoned, Lady Lausina was unfortunate in the circumstances of being the wife of a man, whose heart was too noble

noble to admit any suspicions of a beautiful young woman, who had, as he conceived, given him the most selfevident proof of her affection, by selecting *him* from a large list of admirers, all of them superior in point of fortune, and as his modest diffidence imagined, in all other particulars to himself.

The dissipations of his wife, however, at last encreased to such a height, that he found it absolutely necessary to remonstrate with her. She wept like a child, and reproached him with unkindness—this he could not bear, and desisted, in a hope that she would yet stop short of involving their fortune, which, spite of Lord Deloraine's munificence, answered not the encreasing demands of her daily growing extravagancies.

The birth of their son would, he hope, occupy her mind in more interesting

ing, and more domestic cares; but all these anxious expectations were put to flight like shadows: she appeared indeed to doat upon her boy, and to feel an increase of tenderness towards his father; but she was no sooner released from her confinement, than blooming in fresh beauty, she launched with added ardour into every *gaiety* and dissipation the fertile metropolis afforded.

Her sorrowing husband, again most tenderly entreated her to pursue a line of conduct more conformable to her now united character of wife and mother—instead of *tears*, she now answered him with resentment and contempt; cruelly hurt at such unpromising prognostics in her with whom he was destined to pass the remaining portion of his life, he sunk into a melancholy despondency which lasted him for several years.

In caressing and instructing his infant Edward alone, could this too indulgent husband find a balm for his torn mind—the ingratitude and selfish disposition of his wife, had now completely quenched the day star of his life, and

"Darkness, clouds, and shadows hover'd over it!"

Had he only shewn himself resolute, by a well timed exertion of his authority, he might have obtained that ascendant over her mind, which was become absolutely necessary towards effecting a reformation in the conduct of a young woman, whose giddy brain was turned with noisy adulation.

" By the unceasing exertions of his friend and second parent, Lord Deloraine, Saville obtained a diplomatic employment

ment at a Foreign Court, which he joyfully accepted, hoping that a variation of place might work a change in the disposition of Lady Lausina.

Against this circumstance she offered all the resistance in her power, but when Saville informed her, that if she persisted in her refusal, Lord Deloraine must be acquainted with circumstances his tenderness had hitherto induced him to conceal; she gave a cold reluctant consent.

There was a severity in the manners, of his Lordship which terrified and made her pay him that respect through *fear*, her love could never have accorded him. She therefore attended her husband, who despairing of happiness through her means, diverted the hours he could snatch from political avocations, to the educating his only hope, his little Edward, *on* whom he lavished all his slighted

ed attentions, and *of* whom he might have said with Polixenes in the Play of the Winters Tale.

> "He's my exercise, my mirth, my matter,
> "Now my sworn Friend, and then mine Enemy,
> "My Parasite, my Soldier, Statesman, all:
> "He makes a July's day short as December,
> "And with his varying childness cures in me
> "Thoughts that would thick my blood."

The lapse of nine years proved Lady Lausina no changeling; still in her prime; still lovely; on her return to England, she seemed to enter with fresh spirits and encreased avidity into societies which planted thorns upon the pillow of Horatio. He had lost all power of restraint over her actions, and feared he should totally lose the small portion of affection she yet retained for him, should he venture to oppose her inclinations.

"Edward

Edward Saville, was in point of literary acquirement at eleven years old, what few boys are at sixteen or seventeen, so true is it, that three months of a parents instructions, truly anxious for a childs improvement, are equivalent to as many years of mercenary document. The boys rapidity in the pursuits of literature, was the least amiable particle in his composition. Endowed with a mind of exquisite and refined sensibility

" Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye!"

He saw the cause, and bitterly participated in the effects of a fathers sorrows; but inheriting Horatio's disposition, tenderly as he loved that father, his was a heart which could not harbour so turbulent an inmate as resentment. He pitied his mothers infatuation, and he mourned his father's sufferings, but little as Lady

Lady Lausina merited such a distribution, he loved them *equally*.

With the most fascinating countenance and exquisite symetry of person, added to a tincture of *melancholy*, which pervaded his whole demeanour, he could not fail of becoming an object of interest to all his friends in England, and Saville blessed the bounty of Heaven, which had sent him a comfort in affliction, a staff in adversity!

But alas! this solitary blossom of tranquillity was doomed to wither in the bud! Horatio soon saw, with the most heart rending affliction, that the health of his darling, ever delicate, now shewed the strongest symptoms of confirmed consumption.

He mentioned this circumstance to Lady Lausina—she was alarmed—agitat-

ed—

ed—she wept bitterly, and even staid away from a ball, which had been given on her own account; yet unaccustomed to watch the boy as his father had done, and suspecting it to be merely a trick to detain her at home, she grew weary of performing the part of a nurse, and declaring she saw nothing that ailed him, except his fathers worrying him to death with too much study and learning, she returned again to the only amusement which her vitiated taste was capable of enjoying.

But the woman whom human agency could not reclaim, was, by the hand of the Almighty, about to be humbled to the dust; and by the loss of a child, she *deserved* not, to be made sensible of the inestimable blessing she possessed in her husband.

Borne down by affliction, the unhappy

happy Saville had the incalculable misery of beholding that being, on whom *alone* he now depended for the smallest particle of earthly comfort, tormented with illness and infirmities, sinking by rapid degrees to an early grave.

In this agony of mind had he written to Lord Deloraine at Margate, entreating his influence in bringing Doctor Glynne with him to London."

CHAPTER V.

"By the advice of this worthy Physician they ceased to trouble their frail, yet still lovely shadow of mortality with remedies, which, as they could not prolong his existence, only tended to render his sojourn in a world of sorrow still more painful.

The

The nature of his dissorder had increased his stature to a wonderful height, which, added to the extreme slightness of his form, his sparkling eye and flushed cheek, gave him more the appearance of an aerial minister of grace, sent on an errand of mercy to mankind, than a son of earth and dull mortality.

Giddy as she was, Lady Lausina at length awakened to a sense of the terrible punishement which now awaited her, in the inevitable loss of her child. She now attended him as assiduously as she had formerly neglected him.

The poor dear boy was perfectly sensible of his own approaching dissolution, and though innocent as a new born dove, he spent much time with Mr. Tempest, in earnest prayers for a happy passage to eternity, and calling down blessings on his parents—acknowledging with

with many blushes, and much reluctance, that his mind was disturbed with *doubt* concerning his mother, whose conduct, joined to the immoderate grief of his father, was all that gave him pain, or imbittered his last moments.

He at his own request took leave of all his friends and relatives, and the day after, rising from his bed, and causing himself to be dressed, he solicited to see both his parents—who with Captain Woodville, Lord Deloraine, Mr. Tempest, and Doctor Glynne, attended his summons.

His weeping mother declared he looked so well, she was SURE he *must* be better. Doctor Glynne fearing that she might suffer more materially from a false hope than from the most melancholy certainty, approached to, and informed her of the truth:- but Edward raising himself from

from the sofa on which he was reclined, begged to be taken to the window—his father and Lord Deloraine supported him—the rest following:—uttering a deep sigh he said—

" It is a cruel task—but I ought——" then looking at the sky, he continued aloud.—" It is a beautiful day—perhaps the last that will ever shine upon me. Do not weep dear mother, I have *much* to say, and I feel have but little time to *say it in:* let me then, my dear father, return you my sincere thanks for the thousand! thousand! proofs you have given me of your unequalled affection. I grieve that it is denied me to repay the debt by a long life of duty and gratitude:—but GODS WILL BE DONE!!! I have heard that departed spirits are allowed to watch over, and protect those who were dear to them when living."

" As

As the boy pronounced these words, he clasped his hands in the most pious fervor—continuing—

"Almighty God!—if such is the office of the happy dead—take me! Oh! take me! to that blessed state, where I may render a service to my beloved parents, infinitely more valuable than any I could perform on earth!"

Here his emotion prevented him from proceeding. His friends would have carried him back to the sofa, but he begged for permission to remain at the window—he stretched out his emaciated hand to Docter Glynne, whose tearful eyes testified the emotion with which his bosom was fraught—thanking the Doctor for his cares and assiduities, he bade him remember him. He then recommended the task of consoling his afflicted parents to Charles Woodville. Seeing him

him hardly able to support himself through suffering emotion, he asked for his watch—wound it up, and presented it to Tempest—said—

"Accept this dear Henry! as a memorial of one, whom your prayers and comforting advice have reconciled to the will of his creator! Forget me not?—whenever you wind up the watch, think of, and pray for me?"

His mother wept audibly—he looked at his father, who pale as ashes, shed not a tear. He made a violent effort, and joined the hands of his parents, faintly conjuring Lady Lausina to place all the affection she had bestowed on him, upon her husband, adding with, a half reproachful smile—

"You have not always been so kind

to him, dear mother, as you would wish; were you in my situation——farewell—"

This was the last word he uttered—for his voice here failed him—his feet gave way—his eyes rolled in their sockets—and his agonised father kissing his quivering lip, caught the last sigh from the innocent breath of his angelic child. The fiat of the judge of all was now gone forth!

Lady Lausina, giving a loud scream, fell senseless on the floor. Doctor Glynne endeavoured to disengage the pale and beautiful corpse from the arms of the convulsed father, who gently repulsing him, said with a countenance, on which was imprinted all the horrours of deep and settled despair.

"No Sir!—No!—I must—I will perform

form the last sad, sacred offices due to my lost—lost treasure!"

He then, with the assistance of Woodville, whose emotions almost deprived him of all power of action, placed the body on the sofa.

Doctor Glynne and Mr. Tempest having raised the fainting mother, bore her out of the room; after being bled, she was restored to her senses. Glynne then returned to her husband, at whose silent grief he was much more alarmed, than he had previously been by the violence of Lady Lausina.

He found him holding a small glass to the smiling lips of his boy, vainly hoping life might not even yet be totally extinct. The Doctor greatly distressed, assured him in the gentlest terms, that

 all

all his efforts were in vain, life being irrecoverably gone. Saville then without replying to him, laid down the glass, and dropped on his knees in an agony of tears.

He was allowed to exhaust the torrent of his grief in unmolested silence. At length raising his head, he begged them to join him in prayers for the soul of his child. Kneeling by the side of the couch they all complied with his request. After this mournful office Saville appeared more composed. He dried his eyes, and said—

" Tell the childless mother of my departed angel, that when she can see the now desolated Saville, he is ready to receive her."

This summons brought in the afflicted Lausina, and at the entreaty of Horatio,

Lord

Lord Deloraine and the rest of the party were present.

A sombre melancholy—a *solemn* settled air of awful determination now pervaded the features of the childless husband. Lady Lausina's eyes were red with weeping, but when she caught the determined, though penetrating glances of Saville, a paleness over-spread her cheeks, and she stood suspended like a marble figure from the hands of a sculptor. After a pause of a few moments Saville addressed her.

" I have sent for you, Madam, that my second parent, Lord Deloraine, and these, my *only* friends, may be witness of my conduct, my sentiments, and my resolves.

" I will not shock you or them by a repetition of what has passed between us.

 The

The spirit of that angelical being I now see hovering above my head, would weep in bitterness should I accuse his mother. No! Lady Lausina, resentment and hope have equally deserted my torn heart. I shall only say, that painful experience has given long and mournful proof, that we cannot live in happiness together. Heaven knows what sacrifices I would have made—but that is past—to see a being near me whom I love—to see her wretched—dissatisfied—uneasy at home—flying from the calm enjoyments of domestic life, to scenes of gaiety and dissipation—this is more than my temper, Philosophical as you have ever termed it, is adequate to bear."

Every person present was confounded and astonished at the calm dignity he had so suddenly assumed, after such violent explosions of sorrow.

But

But Doctor Glynne, who was too well acquainted with physical operations, and combinations of the internal faculties, to be deceived by outward appearances, could read despair in his hollow eye, even while his tongue affected the accents of calmness and resignation.

Lady Lausina could only bow her head, but for the first time in her life, she now condescended to evince an attitude of humility; for the angel of affliction can conquer the most tyranical spirit, and subdue the most callous heart. Saville proceeded.

" If I know my own temper, philosophy has never soured or hardened it: It taught me to *enjoy*, not to *despise* the *blessings* of social life. It unmans me to remember the smiling visions of felicity my fancy pictured when I led Lausina to

the Altar; and when my lost Edward first opened his lovely eyes upon the light——Oh God! Oh God!—In him I beheld a soothing angel—the cherub who was to make home a heaven to us both—a chain formed by the hands of providence to draw your divided heart to mine!—my fancys eye pierced the veil of futurity;—Paradise opened on my senses;—I thought I saw you returning like the dove to the ark, and I was prepared to clasp the celestial messenger to my heart with all a husbands love!—Yes! poor deluded mortal that I was, I thought that happiness would then be mine. To your own heart I appeal whether or *no*, your conduct justified such hopes.

" I reared my opening bud in silence; I cultivated his growing talents in the shades of solitary sorrow, while you were revelling

revelling in the noon tide blaze of gaiety and dissipation:—His intellectual sensibility would often excite the glowing sparks of paternal rapture in my bosom, but these were suddenly extinguished by the tears which fell at the recollection of his mothers unkindness to us both: now my lamp is burnt out, and all is *darkness.*

"Thus much, Lady Lausina, I have been compelled to say in justification of myself—the recollection of my former tenderness prevents my pressing hardly on your failings. I have almost concluded and I shall allow you, in justice, to disapprove my assertions before our mutual friends, and I conjure them if they err in *partiality* to exert that weakness in *your* behalf, I know not whether the world may blame me for my former forbearance. To the world I have made it my rule never to bow; my feelings and

my conscience have been my only monitors.

"I had long since, Madam, released you from the misery of living with a man whose efforts were in vain to make you happy; but I did not think myself authorised to do so, while my Edward lived. I knew in the first place, that such a circumstance would have burst his little heart—secondly I felt that whatever may be the private feelings of a parent, he has no right to violate those of the beings he has brought into the world, and that if all acted on such principles the bonds of society would be broken, and anarchy, riot, and confusion would disturb that community, to whose preservation we may all contribute by example.

"As the fidelity of your person was never in the slightest degree called in question,

question, I felt that I could still live with you without contempt, and as I could not be *despised* while Edward lived, I was heedless of being blamed.

"But the dear bond which made our union *necessary* is now disolved. In parting we shall injure no one but ourselves; and that such a separation has long been the object of your wishes, your conduct has too evidently proved. The fortune I received with you, Lady Lausina, shall be yours; the goodness of Lord Deloraine will more than answer all that I propose to myself in the solitude to which I am about to retire: the last sigh of our boy broke the chain that has so long oppressed you with its galling weight.

"Go then—go—once adored Lausina! be as happy as you can! the remembrance of our Edward's virtues, the fortune

 of

of your late father will shield you from the serious ills of life, and should the memory of the man, who once thought every divine blessing comprised in the name of *your husband* intrude itself on your recollection, may self-reproaches never injure the health you enjoy, or disappointment cloud the felicity with which you are surrounded."

A death-like silence had accompanied this long address. Every one was in tears save Lord Deloraine alone; he had long suspected that Lady Lausina had not fulfilled her conjugal duties as the wife of his adopted Saville—for female errors he had not an overflowing compassion—rigid, strict, and punctual in all his own concerns of life, he expected every woman related to him, to equal, if not exceed himself in such particulars.

In the bosoms of the rest of the spectators compassion and philanthropy counterbalanced every remembrance of the failings of the beautiful and afflicted object who stood aghast and thunderstruck before them. It was a long time before she could summon courage to reply to her husband; at length a flood of bitter tears set free the imprisoned powers of utterance, and she began, not a defence but a self-condemnation, she owned that she had most erroneously abused the goods of providence—that she had trifled away the greatest blessings Heaven was capable of bestowing on the choicest objects of its care, and that she could only prove her sincere penitence by submitting without a murmur to the hard, but just decree her husband had pronounced against her.

Her first failing, she said, had been

implanted in her mind, by associating with a female *gamester;* and amongst her other seducers, the terrified Woodville heard her mention the detested name of Lady Susan's former friend, Mrs. Harcourt.

"What a vice!" exclaimed Lord Deloraine, starting from a reverie, "which can thus urge a woman of high birth and accomplished talents to the desertion of every duty which can give grace to her sex, or add dignity to her rank!"

Charles shuddered at the solemn energy with which this appeal was made; he raised his eyes to those of his father, which were keenly fixed upon his countenance.

Lady Lausina here fell upon her knees exclaiming—

"Oh!

"Oh! beloved shade of my neglected child! witness for the sincerity of thy mother's repentence—for the resolution she here makes, to offer every retribution in her power to an injured husband for years mispent. Adieu!—dear Saville!—I lose you!—I lose you by my own fault; bitter, but righteous doom!—to the shade of seclusion will I fly to hide my shame—my agonies.—Oh! say, that if after years have rolled away, you should hear that Lausina has never more transgressed, you will drop one tear of forgiveness. To see you again I do not presume to ask—that you will not utterly detest my memory is all I dare implore."

The sobs of Saville now became so loud that she could proceed no farther—he knelt beside her, kissed the tears from her pallid cheek, and bad her be of comfort.

"This

" This humiliation, dear Lausina, is more than I can bear; you are my wife again! not the partner of my joys, they are all buried in the grave of our dear Edward—the sharer of my sufferings—you may still remain."

They here clasped each other with all the fervency of sorrow mingled with affection. Tempest hallowed this charitable reconciliation, with a tear that dropped upon the head of Saville—saying.

" God purifies the human heart by affliction."

" Right!" cried Lausina, " Oh! most right!—Horatio! dear Horatio! mine shall be the care to lull thine agonies: let us quit this noisy town!—in the calm shades of seclusion let us pass the remnant of our days. Edward! dear Edward! assist

assist us in this pious task?—purified at length, we may wait till the almighty disposer of events shall bless our hearts with comfort and with patience.."

A few days after this melancholy scene did this sad couple set off for a cottage near Lord Deloraine's estates, almost buried in surrounding woods.

Their friends were much affected:—as the chaise rolled away, Lord Deloraine raising his eyes, exclaimed.—"How many miseries has this vice of *gaming* brought upon all who are dear to me!"

CHAPTER VI.

WOODVILLE was as much, if not more affected by the contemplation of this melancholy scene, than any of the persons present; he wrote a most affecting account of the transaction to Lady Susan at Margate.

She shuddered as she read the letter, there

there was a fatal similarity between her own circumstances and those of Lady Lausina, which could not fail to alarm her. They had both been the dupes of fashionable frivolity—their demerits weighed equally, and she trembled to think that their fates might be similar. The difficulty of extricating herself from the perplexities in which she was involved, was now considerably augmented instead of being deminished.

She perceived in the disposition of the Earl of Deloraine, a rigid, unforgiving principle against all the foibles of fashionable life—against her own *particular* failing, she clearly saw that his mind was steeled, and his heart armed with adament. She knew not how to blame him for his unbending severity: the vice of *gaming* had ruined the fortunes and happiness of those most dear to him, even

from

from generation to generation; it appeared the rock on which all his hopes of happiness were destined to be wrecked. That she should avow her circumstances to a man prepossessed with this feeling, appeared an action which must separate her from her Charles for ever: she well knew that much as he loved—nay adored her, filial piety was mingled with the very life springs of his heart: he would not, he dared not have any secrets from that father, whom he had always loved with the mingled duty of a son, and affectionate tenderness of a friend.

Charles informed her in his epistle, that his absence from his regiment, had been so long protracted upon poor Saville's account, that he could not have the happiness of seeing her again at Margate, as his late indulgence would now exact an

imperious scrupulosity to the performance of his military duties.

His expressions were, however, animated and fervent; he counted moments as days, and days as years, he said, till the long wished for period should arrive, when leading his beloved Susan to the altar, he might add the names of Friend and Guardian to that of Lover. The concluding sentences of his letter stung her to the soul. It ran thus:—

" YOU know, beloved object of my
" every thought, my every wish, by what
" filial bonds I am bound to comply with
" each desire of my revered father. I
" know you think him harsh; but his
" prejudices are those of *reason* and of
" *virtue;*

" *virtue;* I mean as far as *any* prejudices
" can admit of a defence. The satisfac-
" tion of my heart is indeed expansive;
" when I reflect that there is nothing in
" the manners or disposition of the
" charming object of my choice, which
" can at all militate against his ideas of
" propriety; my Susan has a soul too
" noble to take any pleasure in the self-
" ish gratifications of a gaming table:
" she can never feel the cruel delight
" which attends even the successful vo-
" tary of so avaricious a passion—her
" heart is too noble, her mind is too ex-
" alted to taste pleasure from so tainted
" a source, nor could repose bless her
" own pillow, could she recollect that her
" good fortune had drenched that of a
" fellow creature with the tear of an-
" guish and of bitterness.

" Such are the *great* prejudices of

" Lord

"Lord Deloraine, and my Susan will "agree with her Charles in opinion, that "the fates of his beloved Saville and his "unhappy family, justify him in the "strong indignation he feels against "those who sully the pride of rank, and "the dignity of human nature, by so de- "testable an employment—God preserve "all dear to us from so sordid, so unge- "nerous a feeling, is the prayer of her "Susans ever affectionate,

"Eternally constant,

"C. D. WOODVILLE."

A great Poet has observed, "*that un-* "*merited praise is the most galling satire.*" The unhappy Susan felt the force of the above

above remark in all its aggravated bitterness. She wished to reform, but yet knew not how to set about it. The vulgar Stevens, and his low bred family, she was well aware were irritated to the highest degree by the contempt which had so lately been thrown upon them by her noble relatives.

In the midst of a gaiety and volatility which frequently boardered on frivolity, Lady Susan was possessed of discriminating sensibility, and a thorough insight into all the various shades of the human character.

She had been accustomed to observe life in all its different bearings and dependences, she had read a great deal, and had applied her reading to the manners of the times. From such practical observation, she was enabled to form many

many conclusions on the human character. From these inferences she was well aware, that, those who prize themselves on their money *alone*, are incapable of exalted perfection, or of generous sentiment; that they are tyrannical in their ideas, mean in their opinions, and implacable in their resentments:—conscious that they have but *one* foundation on which they can build their hopes of respect or consideration from their fellow beings, they stand on that one point with the most determined pertinacity. They expect humility for favours conferred, and call back the memory of the obliged person with tenacious minuteness. The passion of accumulating riches can make even talent unjust, callous, and mean; but when it takes possession of ill-breeding, the effects are as shocking as they are deplorable.

To have put herself into the power of

a man whose very nature was imbued with these principles, must have been a shockingly disgustful thought to any female of delicacy or susceptibility—the victim of Stevens was endowed with both those qualities in the superlative degree.

From a mind tinctured with any portion of sensibility, some compunctions of mercy and humanity might have been expected; but humanity is the fruit of learning and application of studies, whose *name* Mr. Stevens had never even heard of. The divine attribute of mercy may be found in almost every human bosom, Mr. Stevens was, however, an exception to the general rule, as the bard of nature and of truth, strongly expresses himself—

"There was no more mercy in *him* than a male Tiger."

These

These conflicting ideas, jostling thoughts, and agitating apprehensions, were too much for her weak frame; she found herself in a labyrinth from which all the efforts of reason were inadequate to disentangle her. Her mind had been terrified by example—her heart had been melted by penitence—yet still she knew not how to escape or to retreat.

This elegant, beautiful young woman, would to those who could have read her heart, or dived into her reflections, have afforded a lesson at once moral and aweful—a warning to females of the miseries, the perplexities, the anxious days, the feverish nights, which like avenging dæmons pursue the unhappy victim who has been deluded by the frivolous and hollow allurements of fashion, into a deviation from the straight correct line of prudence and propriety:—could the pen that inscribes these lines do justice to its subject—

subject—could it delineate the agonies of this unfortunate votary of dissipation with the pencil of truth, he would perform a service to society, at which the graver moralist might smile, the satirist might laugh.

To exalt a history of this kind to the level of sermons and sacred writings, would be as ridiculous as profane—but let the satirical writer remember, that he who can warn from general vices without wounding particular feelings, has a retributing sensation in his own breast, which sarcasm however wittily pointed, can never attain. The writers of Satires frequently declare, that they are uninfluenced by personal rancour, or by private ill-will—"*Credat Judæus Apella non ego.*"—We respect the wit though we cannot admire the motive: as a great king who never shut his ears against the intelligence of spies and informers, had yet the honesty

honesty to declare, that, though he *loved* the *treason* he *hated* the traitors.

A letter from Lord John O'Carrol, about this period reached the Duke of Montcastle at Margate, another by the same post arrived from Lord Deloraine. They were both to the same purpose; namely, that of giving an account of Lord O'Carrol's health.

It appeared from these epistles, that in *mind*, he was better than he had been for many years; but as a damping equivalent to such joyful information, it appeared that as his mental forces augmented, the corporeal energies of his frame were proportionably deminished. He was grown feeble, languid, and tremulous—his paroxysms were less frequent, but his spirits were worse—a settled, fixed, steady melancholy pervaded his looks, his words and his actions.

Henry Tempest was the only companion with whom he delighted to hold social converse. From him he heard the mild assuasive language of religion, till every ruder and more turbulent passion seemed hushed to sleep. They began the Bible together as a course of reading; Lord John listened with awful rapt attention. The sublime flights of the prophetic Isaiah filled his languid eyes with all their former fires of enthusiasm, and the pathetic passages of the suffering Job, extracted tears, which seemed to wake his soul to its long wandered reason.

At times he would grasp the amiable, the beloved Henry by the hand, gaze wistfully in his face, and pause with the attitude of a man who had some pent up secret, which he thirsted to repose in the bosom of another, labouring in his own; at such moments he would utter a few incoherent words, but they were so wild, and

and so mournful, that they appeared to Henry the effects of a malady which was still lingering about his unhappy patron.

Doctor Glynne, who had divided his attentions, while in London, equally between Lord John and the afflicted Saville, gave it as his decided opinion, that his Lordship should remain in the metropolis, instead of returning to Margate as had been at first intended; his arguments for this change were cogent. His patient, with respect to *mind*, had lately been evidently better, and if he could eradicate the mental disorder, he said he felt assured, that the task of restoring tone and vigour to the body, would be by far the least difficult portion of his undertaking; he was convinced, he added, that the accustomed sight of the ocean, and his constant perambulations by the sea side, added fuel to the flame which devoured his health, and preyed upon his

 spirits

spirits. The source of his complaint, whether imaginary, or founded on reality, was evidently connected with the ocean and its scenery. Could he be kept from objects any way connected with them, there was much to be hoped. Experience had convinced him, he added, that the evils of imagination are augmented or deminished, by the facility or difficulty which the mind perceives of dwelling long upon particular subjects.

> "Imagination lends her dangerous art,
> "And pours it all upon the peccant part."

Was an axiom, he continued, founded in reason, and confirmed by his own long practice and experience.

He was candid enough to avow, that by this advice, he seemed to counteract his former counsel; but Doctor Glynne was an ornament to his own truly noble, and

and liberal profession: " it was for quacks and empirics alone," he would cry, " to advise a blindfold adherence to their nostrums; the true physician knows that human nature is changeable in its essence and in its very principles, and a man of sense will never be ashamed to vary from what is in itself mutable, and liable to aberration."

Such reasoning was too urgent, and too conclusive, to leave any time for doubt or hesitation in the affectionate and fraternal mind of Montcastle. He immediately wrote to Lord Deloraine, intimating his intention of setting off the next day to join his dear loved brother in the metropolis, knowing that the Earls presence in London was at this time peculiarly necessary for the arrangement of some affairs of magnitude and import, he begged him not to suffer his concerns to be disordered by a needless journey down

to Margate, as he would *himself* take care to bring the ladies of his family safely with *him* to his lordships house in town.

Punctual in business to a moment, and methodically exact in the settlement of the most minute paper, which at all related to the œconomy of his estates, the Earl wrote a letter of thanks, and stated his grateful acceptance of the gallant and polite offer of the Duke.

Henry Tempest had by this time taken a small house, to which he invited Laura, not as a guest, but as a mistress. He persevered in his plan of independence, and reliance on the activity of his own mind, with all that steadiness which is the sure characteristic of vigorous integrity. His establishment was *confined* in the strictest sense of the word, but he had enough for the real wants of life, both for his sister and himself;—of elegance

he had a refined sense, for voluptuousness and superfluity he had the most ineffable contempt; he was in fact one of those old fashioned mortals, who could not help thinking how many poor objects might be relieved from the gew-gaw trappings of splendour and extravagance.

He had exercised himself in the lessons of privation, with all the exactitude of a citizen of Sparta; temperance was, next to religion, the text of his life: He found that luxurious eating, or refined taste in wines, were incapable of giving any real zest to life or its pleasures—not that he was one of those high flown heroes, who are so delicate, that they are ashamed of eating *at all*, and would have it supposed that they are so very romantic as to diet upon *air*—by no means—he had read *Cornaro* with pleasure, but professed not himself his rival or his disciple. Over a frugal repast he could feel the glow of

 thankfulness

thankfulness to the giver of the goods of life, and could rise from the table of independence, exhilarated, but not intoxicated.

To such a home was Laura invited, and she accepted the offer with enthusiasm. She knew that instead of a burthen, she must eventually prove an acquisition to her brother; she felt that the manly, the soaring mind of Henry, could never attend to the minutiæ of domestic life, which give grace and dignity to a female, but detract from both those qualities in one of the opposite sex. To selfish menials she was unwilling to resign him—an easy plunder she was assured he would fall to the selfish and the interested—she loved him too well to think his assistance an obligation, and after the fatiguing years she had passed with the Hanbury's, whose gross souls were incapable of any thing like intellectual gra-

tion.

tification, it was natural, that both her heart and her mind should expand at the bright prospect which now presented itself before her. She beheld in a brother the united characters, of guardian, friend, and parent.

The Duke according to his promise ordered the chaise at the door of his house at Margate, and a coach also waited for the Deloraine family at the same time.

The sensations of Lady Susan during the journey were of the most sombre species. She had for the present, it was true, got rid of the irksome alarms of meeting Mr. Stevens and his family wherever she betook her steps; but there was little doubt of his soon following to the metropolis, and there pursuing her with all the malice of spightful insinuation, or what was in idea still worse,

of

of making a direct complaint in person, or by letter, of the non-payment of the heavy debt she had contracted with him.

At all events she resolved to involve herself no further, and to shun the allurements of the card table, with the same assiduity as she would avoid the tainted atmosphere of a pest house. With these virtuous resolutions did she fortify her heart: the event will shew the success of these exertions—let all opinions be till then suspended.

Lord Deloraine welcomed his family with as much warmth as he was capable of evincing. The heart of this nobleman was by no means callous, though his exterior manners sometimes wore the semblance of precision and frigity. Many concurring circumstances had prevented his sentiments from develloping themselves

selves in the full flow of his really natural beneficence. His father had been like himself, of the old school—one of those noblemen who looked with awful respect to the dignity of birth and the consequences of alliance. These principles he had transmitted to the present lord, in whose bosom they had acquired an augmented vigour. He could not assimilate his own manners with those, who overleaping *his* prescribed boundaries could gaily mingle with the votaries of the turf, or circulate the bottle with the champions of pugilistic celebrity; for bets and wagers he had a rooted abhorrence, an abhorrence which had been confirmed by the examples of his dearest friends the Savilles.

Under the snows of apparent precision flourished the vigorous plants of friendship, benevolence, and paternal affection; he governed his family, it is true, by the

rules

rules of the most strict method, but yet he was never overbearing or tyrannical. He was punctual to what he preached; he adhered to his own doctrines, and was not ever known to infringe on his own laws: he sought for splendid alliance, and brilliant connexion in the person of his children. He *thought* these advantages indispensibly necessary to their honour and happiness, as well as his own; but when mounted on his stately war horse, he never trampled on his fellow creatures. Though a regular, he was a kind landlord, and an easy master; his servants acknowledged his affability, and his tenentry with one according voice, bore witness to his humanity.

I think I have been describing a true old English nobleman, a character ever respectable in our country. If I have omitted any traits in my delineation, I beg they may be supplied by my reader,

as I wish to do every justice to the character of the Earl. I have described his failings, and I should be sorry to withhold the tribute due to his virtues. I have often had, and may still *have* occasion to dwell upon his prejudices; it is necessary for the elucidation of many events, but if our prejudices are to be ranked in the class of vices, alas! *where* is the man who shall escape severity and censure?

The parental feelings of the Earl were much roused, by the visible alteration which had taken place since his last short absence, both in the figure and form of his favorite daughter, Lady Harriot. She was grown uncommonly thin, and her countenance, formerly brilliant and unclouded, exhibited evident traces of a settled melancholy; It cost him some struggles to conceal his anxiety at such a discovery, as she deny'd feeling herself at all ill; he was unwilling to oppress her with

with questions. He enquired in vain of the Countess and her sister; he could get no account of the sensible alteration which had taken place in his beloved child.

Lady Louisa, only drawled out—" la Papa, I don't know—I am sure I never thought whether Harriot was ill or no," and then began playing with a cup and ball.

The Countess declared she could not help concurring in opinion with the Earl, having made, with some concern, a remark similar to that of her husband; to expound the mystery she confessed herself inadequate, except, she suspected that Harriot had injured herself by an excessive attention to her studies, and her books.

CHAPTER VII.

THE misfortunes of Horatio Saville, now appeared the harbingers of *trouble* and disquietude to the family of Lord Deloraine. They had for some years past enjoyed the comforts of a life, gliding gently onwards with all the placidity of an unruffled streem. In social intercourse with the Duke of Montcastle, the Earl

Earl had indulged his favorite predilections, and in his plans of matrimonial connection between the two noble families, had found a warm and chearing solace, for the now declining day of his life: for Charles he had provided a consort who would add a noble branch to the already splendid tree.

'Lady Susan O'Carrol, the daughter of a Duke, though not overburthened with opulence, made amends by the lustre of her pedigree, for any deficiency in the inferior article of pecuniary superiority.

His eldest son Lord Dalton, he believed to be wholly unengaged; the wildness of this young noblemans manners was overlooked by his parents, who considered his eccentricities and freedom of deportment, as the sure pledges of a heart disengaged from the allurements of love, or the fascinations of affection.

Under

Under such an impression, the Earl suffered the flighty giddy Dalton to take many liberties which would have highly shocked and offended him, in any other person of his family. He had at this period a transaction of business with a Scotch nobleman of considerable wealth, and what in the eyes of Lord Deloraine, was of still more consequence and importance—he could prove himself the lineal descendant of the ancient kings of Caledonia on his mothers side, and the direct issue of the monarchs of Ireland on that of his father. Correspondence begat intimacy, and friendship was the consequence.

" *Eadem velle atque eadem nolle id de-*
" *mum firma amicitia est!*"—says an ancient author, with all the vigorous conciseness of the Roman stile.

The

The force of this pithy sentence was fully illustrated in the persons of the two noblemen of whom we have been lately treating.

The Lord Glengannon, during his stay in London, was hardly ever absent from the house of the Earl of Deloraine. His business was, indeed, deeply connected with his English com-peer—he was involved in a law suit entangled with a great many perplexities. An Irish ancestor of his, had left a will so very curiously worded, that to expound its real meaning would have required a considerably greater portion of penetration than fall to the lot of modern solvers of problems. By innumerable meanders it so happened that a union with one of his sons to the daughter of Lord Deloraine, or of one of his daughters to the son of the said Earl, would smooth all these

jarring difficulties, and prevent *a suit in Chancery*.

For a suit in Chancery this northern noble had no vast inclination—and we believe, in this, he was by no means a solitary instance, having observed, that those persons who are most eagerly anxious to find employment for the lawyers, generally feel a sort of cowerdice—an interior desire of running away from their allies, whenever the abovementioned expedient is hinted at.

Lord Glengannon, who had an opportunity of seeing Charles Woodville for a few days, opened the affair, by assuring Lord Deloraine, that, he felt a strong—an internal conviction, that Captain Woodville was the only man alive capable of making his dear daughter the Lady Sigismunda entirely happy.

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This was somewhat of a shock to the Earl, who had fixed his heart on a match between his eldest hope Ernest, and Lady Glengannon. He expressed himself highly honoured by the good opinion his friend had entertained of Woodville, but candidly explained the nature of his engagements with the daughter of the Duke of Montcastle. Here he inmagined the affair would have rested, for as Glengannon had declared Charles to be the *only* man, who could possibly be a suitable match for Sigismunda, he could only give a sigh over the ruins of the fair edifice which his hopes had erected, and submit in patient silence to the dispositions his fate had ordained.

But Lord Glengannon was of a disposition not to be so easily daunted by an apparent difficulty. He had been accustomed from his childhood to fight his way with a straight forward steady coolness, through

through every obstacle which obstructed his prospects, or impeded his interest. He was incapable of committing any act which could degrade his rank as a nobleman, or a gentleman; but he had a flexibility of temper which could vary with times, and with circumstances; and while he could steer to his haven with honour, he cared not how often he tacked about to arrive at his point. He now declared, therefore, that since Captain Woodville was so positively engaged, he could not think of pressing such a matter any further, but observed, that the world was high in its praises of Lord Dalton, who was said to be a fine, well bred, lively, elegant young branch of nobility—on comparing what he had *heard* of Ernests, with what he knew of Sigismundas temper, he could not help thinking, that Dalton would be much the fitter husband of the two—Woodville's gravity would, perhaps, assort ill with her lively manner—in short, he

he now found a thousand reasons why the very man, he had ten minutes before avowed the *only* one fit to make the happiness of his daughter, was one of the most improper personages in the world to pass his life with her. Nor was Lord Glengannon a *singular* instance of the influence of self-interest over many, of even the apparently trifling occurrences of human life.

Some curious philosophers have endeavoured to lessen the beauty and the dignity of humanity and nature, by attributing the most charitable and philanthropic actions to the sordid principle of self gratification. Such men are not *Satirists*, but slanderous *Libellers*. To refute their dogmas would be giving them more time, than either their axioms or their principles can merit.

Lord Glengannon, though alive in every

every artery to his own interests, was as capable (he had proved himself so in seve- instances) of an act of real liberality, as most other men. He strained hard to gain his point, but having gained it, he did not riot in success with wanton apathy, to the afflictions of others.

His character, as well as those of the other personages of this work, may appear tediously enlarged upon—be it so—we are not bigotted to our own opinions; this much it may be necessary to observe. Some persons in making a character concise, compress it, till the lineaments of the leading features are obliterated or destroyed—the general harmony is cramped and deformed.

To this eager attainment of brevity we are indebted for so many faultless monsters, and such a variety of disgusting caricatures that bear more resemblance to

infernal dæmons, than human creatures. If some writers paint in characters of light, others are equally fond of warping all in clouds, fogs, and vapours.

Shakespear who has given admirable lessons on all the concerns of human life, has also a most unfailing one for writers.

"The web of our lives is as a mingled yarn: our "vices would despond were they not cherish-"ed by our virtues, and our virtues would "grow proud were they not whipped by our "vices."

Now, though self-interest was not so much the *ruling* principle with Lord Deloraine, as with his northern friend, he had that leaven of it in his composition, which as we have before observed is, *with a very few exceptions*, incidental to humanity. His surprise at the sudden change in

in the sentiments of Lord Glengannon, was therefore somewhat abated by the pleasing prospects of seeing his lately extinguished hopes thus unexpectedly revived, and he could not help giving a smiling accordance to the newly started opinion, of Daltons being a more suitable subject for a husband than his son Charles. On being intorrogated whether Ernest was *likewise* engaged in any matrimonial treaty, the father replied, that, on that subject he felt himself peculiarly felicitous in being enabled to give the most decided and satisfactory answer. He was assured that Ernest had never entertained a partiality for any woman, strong enough to induce him to enter into any thing like a matrimonial contract—that on the contrary, his prejucices *against* the nuptial state had been so rooted, and his expressions on the topic, so very strong and sarcastic, that he had often vexed both his parents, by his open ridicule of, and de-

cided aversion to a ceremony of so much sanctity, and utility to the community.

"He still," added the Earl, "has so much of duty and affection in his disposition, that when he knows my happiness depends on this match, I have no doubt of his yielding a prompt and chearful acquiescence to my wishes."

Lord Glengannon was delighted:—an immediate treaty was set on foot—the Earl was perpetually employed in reading over pedigrees, settlements, bonds, and title deeds. In this delicious occupation he was unwilling to be interrupted, and had, therefore, joyfully accepted the Duke of Montcastles offer of bringing up his family from Margate; as, if he had himself been compelled to take so long a journey, it would have thrown a strong impediment in the way of an affair he was more than commonly anxious to arrange and

settle

settle with all possible promptitude and celerity.

Lord Dalton was soon expected at his fathers house; but the impatient Earl relying on the implicit obedience of Ernest to his paternal command, could not prevail upon himself to await the arrival of the young man. Papers and legal business, he observed, were great retarders in all matrimonial treaties, and he wished this momentous affair to be concluded directly, that nothing but the mere act of signing them might remain to be performed.

Equally blinded by the same rapidity in the pursuit of a favorite project, Lord Glengannon, sat out for Scotland to bring up his daughter. Used to controul both her and her deceased mother in every, the most minute, concern of life, this nobleman thought ceremony ridiculous with

Sigismunda: he immagined that he had only to furnish her with a fortune, buy a set of splendid jewels, and then consign all three to the first man *he* might think proper to bestow them on, with as little difficulty or ceremony as he would have parted with a favorite race horse from his stud.

Lord Dalton, on his arrival in town, went immediately to the house of his father, where he was received with a peculiar tenderness and affability which soothed his bosom, and flattered all his fondest expectation; he thought he had never before seen Lord Deloraine in such a placable, yielding tone of mind. His own heart full of love and Laura, was easy to every impression of the gentler kind, it was accessible to the delusions of hope, and the soft insinuating whispers of fancy.

He

He was aware of the generous objections of Miss Tempest to the union he had proposed; he felt a full conviction, that nothing but the unqualified consent of his parent could do away the strong bar that stood between him and the accomplishment of the most ardent wish of his heart.

The Earl's present tone of mind, his smiles, his embraces, his carresses—all seemed prosperous flattering omens of his success—he resolved not to lose a moment so propitious—but to seize this happy crisis—to throw himself on his knees before the Earl—to confess a passion founded on the noblest basis of humanity and reason—and implore his immediate reception of the inestimable Laura, as the wife of his son, and as the daughter of his own affections.

A blush crimsoned his cheek, when he

 recollected

recollected his former wild ralliries against the blessings of matrimony, and he dreaded having the darts of his ridicule turned upon himself:—like honest Benedict, however, he was prepared with the same conclusive, pithy argument of defence.

"*When I said I would die a Batchelor,*
"*I did never think that I should live to be*
"*married.*"

Like Shakespear's celebrated Convert too, he was resolved—

"*That a whole College of wit-mongers*
"*should not flout him out of his humour.*"

Seated after dinner with the Earl; when every one had retired, Dalton resolved to open his honourable trenches; there was no company that day, and himself and father were totally alone, an opportunity which

which did not frequently occur, and of which he resolved to avail himself. He played with the wine glass in his hand for some time, with that sort of bashful irresolution, which every man has felt at some period, and under some circumstances;—at last he boldly resolved to make a vigorous effort and break the ice at once.

"The lives we young fellows now lead in the army is not a pleasant one *after all!*"—said Dalton.

The Earl immediately caught him up. "Do you begin to *feel* it Ernest!—you know I have often told you it would come home to you some day or other.—When I was a young man things were very differently carried on; there was then method, order, and punctuality among young officers of noble birth—they were examples of moderation and

regularity, not to the army alone, but to each individual class of society."

"Do you mean, my lord, to say that we of the present day do not perform our *duties!*"

"No—God forbid my dear Ernest! of your courage, of your loyalty or integrity I have no doubt—In the present aweful crisis, while Europe is convulsed, and and History writes her annals with a pen of iron; such a reflection would be a shocking one indeed!—No!—my dear boy, I look with pride and confidence on the present state of our armies and navies; I do not believe that a finer set of young men were ever enregistered on the lists of either. I fear not your attachment to your country, or your bravery in the field of action;—I feel that you *are* able—and I am convinced that you ever will be adequate to give England a proud preemi-

nence

nence even amid "the wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!"—It is your lives at *home* I fear for, not your exertions *abroad*:—I dread least constant habits of dissipation should bend you to your graves before your country call your active powers into exertion—I have no apprehension when that is the case—our ancestors considered temperence as a duty to their fellow citizens, as it gave them health to march forth under the banner of loyalty and freedom, at all seasons, and at all times."

"Yet—do you not suppose, my dear father, that the ancestors of *your ancestors* made much the same sort of complaint!—Pray my lord be open in your reply!"

This question was a home thrust; the Earl could not *deny* but that such had been the case from time immemorial; to exalt the past, and depreciate the present, is

is one of the strongest propensities of age. Lord Deloraine paused—hesitated—and then reply'd, with somewhat of an air of triumph.

"I will judge you my dear Earnest out of your own mouth—have you not just made use of the following words!"—"*the lives we young fellows lead in the* "*army is not a pleasant one after all:*"—"such I think was your expression *verbatim*—was it not!"

"It was my lord—but in terming the life unpleasant, I by no means intended to cast any reflection upon that profession I have the honour to belong too:—I meant the phrase to apply merely to the *unmarried* portion—they have no home—they have no stability of pursuit—for mere want of something to give a tone to the mental energy—they pass their mornings in listless inactivity, and in the evening

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are often compelled to fly to pursuits of a frivolous, if not a dangerous nature."

"Hey-day Ernest! this doctrine from *your* mouth is somewhat astonishing indeed."

"It may probably seem so my dear lord, and I dare say, that you and many other of my friends will be inclined to laugh at this alteration in my sentiments, but the fear of a laugh is not to close my senses against reason and conviction. I thought in one way when I was a youth, I am now a man—my opinions are changed—ought I obstinately to stand on my first assertions after my reason tells me they were founded upon false conclusions!—is there any harm in a mans confessing that he was mistaken!"

"So far from it Ernest, that such an avowal is the just criterion of a liberal heart

heart, and a sensible mind—from this discourse I may then conclude that your objections to *marriage* are in some measure removed?"

"They are *entirely* so my lord."

"I truly rejoice to hear it—if then a match to your liking could be offered, you would not hesitate in accepting it?"

"So far from it—it would be exactly what I wish."

"How you rejoice me my dear Ernest, for after this candid, unaffected declaration, I will now confess that to see you married is the dearest wish of my heart."

The eyes of Ernest sparkled with animation and pleasure at this last speech; he caught his father eagerly by the hand, which he kissed with all the ardour of affection,

affection, and all the tenderness of filial piety.

"If the circumstance of my *marriage* would give happiness to my dear father, I am both ready and willing to give him every proof of my obedience to his wishes in that particular."

"The sooner the better my dear Ernest."

"I am of your opinion my lord. Knowing your desires on this head, I have lately been looking out for such a female as might be worthy of calling you father."

"And to tell you the truth Ernest, I have been directing my own observations to the same point—a point upon which I do not think we are likely to *differ*."

A mutual mistake had evidently here arisen between the father and son. Lord Deloraine, little suspecting that the affections of Dalton were irrevocably rivetted on *any* particular object, and the young man from his fathers hints, and easy complacent manner, could not help a persuasive conviction of the Earls having discovered his partiality to Laura Tempest, and being willing to favour his addresses in that quarter; both his parents had so frequently expressed a wish to see him settled in life, that he flattered himself they would sacrifice any prejudices of their own to the accomplishment of so desirable an object. That he should nourish an illusion so favorable to his hopes, was by no means a matter of astonishment.

Laura was an object of strong admiration and of warm interest to the whole circle of her friends and acquaintance. Lord

Lord and Lady Deloraine were both possessed of good sense, and a polished mode of expression. The first had taught them to *appreciate*, and the second to *evince* their admiration of the fine qualities of Miss Tempest—their encomiums had been warm and open, and they had more than once declared, that they considered her as the most perfect model for the young ladies of the rising generation.

The hopes of Dalton, therefore, were short of extravagance, and in truth could be hardly termed *romantic*:—yet, much as the Earl admired Laura, he by no means carried *his* enthusiasm to such a height, as ever to have considered her a fit object for the choice of his eldest son. The article of money might have been outweighed by the preponderancy of virtue, and of talent; but how was he to square such an union with his more

than

than lofty ideas of the absolute necessity of *birth* and *rank!*

The pedegree of the young Tempests was worse than that of many of whom the actual deficiences might be ascertained—it was obscure—and obscure in the very worst sense of the word:—who were their parents!—that they were of any consequence was a wild and chimerical conjecture:—had they held any rank, or distinction in the classes of society, they must have heard of the numerous advertisements, which Lord John had caused to be inserted both in the English, and all the Foreign newspapers, when he first preserved them from the shipwreck. That their rank in life should be eminent appeared improbable, therefore, in the highest degree. But the matter did not rest here—circumstances strongly pleaded against the very *respectability* of the ancestors of these deserted orphans—they might

might be the offspring of vice and profligacy. Gifted as they both were with every perfection with which lavish nature could adorn her most selected favorites, who would not have proudly owned them, had not a consciousness of some moral dereliction checked the impulse of paternal fondness?

To visit the sins of one generation upon another, was by no mean the nature of Lord Deloraine—he was far from being tinctured with any thing like illiberality, but as he would have rejected an alliance with the first nobleman in the land, had he laboured under the disadvantageous circumstances of a *bar* in his coat of arms, he may be the more easily excused for his prejudice against Laura.

When his son named that interesting young woman as the object of his tender regard—the select wife of his affections, the

the astonishment of the elder nobleman may be imagined, but all efforts at any thing like a description, would fall so short of its effects, that we dare not venture at an attempt of so difficult a nature.

The edifice of the late erected hope which had glowed in the bosom of Deloraine was instantaneously subverted by the ingenuous, but bold avowal of his son; for Dalton had so worded his expressions as to give his father fully to understand, that though he would never violate his filial duties by marrying in direct opposition to the wishes of a parent, he should hold himself bound as a man of honour not to offer his hand to any other woman.

"Imprudent boy!"—passionately exclaimed Lord Deloraine,—"have you then rashly bound yourself by a promise to Miss Tempest?"

"Not

"Not exactly, my lord."

"What is then the tie which withholds you from paying your addresses to Lady Sigismunda?"

"To me my lord, the strongest of all *earthly* bonds—honour and humanity!—during my career of life, I am well aware, that many of my friends have deemed my character light and inconsistent—my heart tells me I have deserved the reproach—but my conscience can lull all other feelings to rest, while I experience a monitor within which acquits me of any injury to a living being!—my errors have been my own—I have deceived no one—I have been frivolous, but never criminal."

"Dalton, I *believe* you, had your father thought you so, he would not have been the tame spectator of your loss of time;—

time;—no, Ernest, no!—I truly believe your integrity to be spotless, heaven grant it may ever continue unsullied!"

"Amen to that kind prayer my father!—and to preserve that integrity you set so high a value on, it is absolutely necessary for Lady Sigismunda to know without delay the sentiments of my heart. To renounce my Laura is a sacrifice of the most painful nature, but it is my duty to obey your lordship, and I submit:—*another duty* now remains to be fulfilled—a duty to Lady Glengannon—to you my lord I commit its performance; assure her of my sense of the honour her father would have conferred upon me: but I should make an ill return to both, did I destroy their future felicity, by coldly pledging a hand where my heart could never accompany the vow. I should by such an act, become a trator to her; to myself; and to her father:—happiness

piness in my own person I from this day renounce, but I trust I shall never taste the bitter regret of being a voluntary agent in the misery of another."

The feelings of Lord Dalton here grew too vehement for all the efforts of his resolution; he threw himself into a chair, and could scarcely stifle the sobs which agitated and convulsed his bosom.

Lord Deloraine had ever been accustomed to behold the countenance of Ernest beaming with festive mirth, and irradiated with the smiles of felicity; the contrast made the picture he now presented more affecting and more tender. There was hardly any one position of life which human variety could have presented, where the father would not have willingly sacrificed every consideration of his own to the tranquillity of his son.

But the master key, which made most harmony or discord, was touched in the bosom of the Earl, and touched with no slight hand:—to have consented to an union between Laura and his eldest hope—the son who was to transmit his darling pedigree to an admiring posterity, was an effort beyond his reason, and superior to his philosophy. He could gladly have sacrificed his fortune or his life, but the present trial convulsed and agonised his lofty spirit almost to frenzy. He pitied his suffering heir—but he could do no more.

Lord Dalton imagined he had now a duty to perform to Laura, before he reresolved to make every struggle to banish this unhappy predilection from his breast; he knew that some ungenerous things might be said to the prejudice of a young lady, equally beautiful in person and

and exalted in sentiments. To prevent the narrow idea of her having spread out any lures for his affection; he put his own proposal of marriage, with her spirited refusal of his application, into the hands of his father, entreating him, as the only return for his obedience to his commands, to do every justice to the person in question, and rescue her from the insinuations of an ill judging world,

The Earl took the letters; when he perused that of Laura, several tributary drops of admiration fell upon the paper—he felt that he dared not give way to feelings of so soft a tendency, he therefore, returned the letters to his son, with a high eulogium on the sentiments and conduct of the object of his affections.

Both father and son parted in a melancholy mood. A few hours had re-

versed the favorite hopes, the project, and pursuits of both. Dalton lost all the gaiety of spirits which had formerly distinguished him from his brother Charles, and love which equals all human beings, had thus brought their apparently opposite dispositions *to a level.*

Lord Deloraine, when he was gone, divulged all that had passed to his Countess, and her daughters.

Lady Deloraine declared that such an union was impossible—she regretted that it was so, and paid every homage to the virtuous talents and accomplishments of Laura. Lady Harriot wiped away a tear from her eye—and Lady Louisa gave a loud yawn, which broke the reverie of her father, who jumping up in a nervous manner, asked Lady Louisa if she was *taken ill.*

Receiving

Receiving a negative, he chid her for her listlessness, and after a melancholy evening to all parties they severally retired to their respective chambers.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE family of Lord Deloraine was thus thrown into a chaos of confusion and perplexity; but the Earl had yet another mortification in store for himself:—what this mortification *was*, may probably ere this time have struck the readers—if so, it would be superfluous to elucidate them any

any farther, and if *not*, it is so much for the authors interest to keep them in the dark as long as possible:—that they must forgive him if he avails himself of a favourable circumstance, and declines saying any more at present.

It is the art of a dramatic writer to excite surprise by unexpected incidents, but his latitude is wider than that of the narrator of a romance—he may exaggerate to a greater degree, but truth and nature, (though perhaps equally imperiously demanded by the sound critic,) are not so minutely calculated by the generality of spectators, who warmed with scenes of distress, or animated by positions irresistibly comic, give vent to the emotions of the heart, without a mathematical precision in the rules of the understanding.

The consequence of the dialogue related in the preceding chapter, between the Earl of Deloraine and Lord Dalton, gave rise to some circumstances of a delicate, and others of an unpleasant nature.

The Earl had lived in long habits of intimacy and friendship with the Duke of Montcastle, and his amiable family. Every thing conduced to cement a friendship commenced under circumstances so auspicious:—High birth, fortune, splendid alliance! every circumstance tended to flatter the natural prejudices of Deloraine.

He had singled out Lady Susan, from her girlish days, as the wife of his loved Charles: by this union he expected to raise his youngest, to a level with his eldest son, and in this hope expected to

resign his declining years to ease and gratified ambition.

The unlucky passion Lord Dalton had conceived for Laura Tempest, threatened to involve those long elaborated plans in difficulty and doubt. Lord John loved the two orphans with a tenderness equal to that which the fondest father could conceive for his own offspring. Henry was the grand Standard, by which he regulated all his ideas of human intellect, of manly virtue—Laura was equally the object of his admiration; he would have thought the prince, who obtained the hand of this interesting creature, more highly favoured by fortune, than in the possession of a range of empires. To this opinion his gentle brother had ever bowed with deference and affection: he had acquiesced in all Lord John O'Carrol's liberal disposition of his for-

tune in their favour: by the sacrifice of his own worldly interests, he had proved the *sincerity* of his intentions. That he would take part in all his brothers feelings was therefore evident and palpable.

From all these concurring circumstances, Lord Deloraine had more than slight grounds for suspecting that a rupture between the two families, would be the probable consequence of the scene which had recently occurred. His revolving policy, naturally sought for remedies against the threatened evil; in this *distress* it occurred to him, that Mrs. Anne Scudamore was the only person in the family who was not attached heart and soul to the young Tempests. Prudence counterbalanced his exact ideas of the rule of right; he felt that he stood in need of an ally; his present situation of affairs required the aid of some person, and

and as it is a *trite* observation, that "a "drowning man will catch at a straw, "during the convulsive struggle of de-"spair:"—so Lord Deloraine in his fluctuations of uncertainty and doubt, resolved to avail himself of the assistance of Mrs. Scudamore.

Such a step, under such circumstances, was not highly complimentary to the lady; but his lordship's knowledge of the world, and natural penetration had enabled him to discover a leading trait in the character of this elderly maiden—*to wit*—a vast inclination to be busy.

Like many other females, Mrs Scudamore, had much spare time, which she, with equal liberality and profusion, was ever ready to bestow upon her neighbours; some of whom having families to regulate — children to attend to — and

 other

other frivolous and unfashionable pursuits of the same nature:—were not so grateful for this unbounded generosity, as the *donor* might expect. To be *employed* in the business of others, was always gratifying to her. She imagined that it gave her a consequence in the eyes of the world. She made many morning calls, in which she generously listened to the complaints of wives and daughters, when they happened to *have* any to make; and when they *had* not—thinking that life has need of being kept in motion by the excitation of the passions, she endeavoured to persuade them that they really *were* very ill used—tho' poor tame stupid creatures! but for her benevolent *suggestions*, they would never have suspected what brutes and tyrants they were subject to.

To these amiable, complacent creatures, the

the masters of families are indebted for those little breezes and gentle squabbles, which frequently put the machine of life in play.

If asked whether the motives of Mrs. Scudamore (and indeed such a lady may be found in every street) were founded on any real love of anarchy and mischief, I will exert all the candour such an interrogation will admit of—and answer boldly—*No!*—I do not really think that nine times out of ten any *founded depravity* gives rise to their loquacity; but those who talk much, must talk of other peoples affairs. When truth will not lend her pencil, fiction will supply her place; and thus are facts altered, diminished, exaggerated, and misrepresented, infinitely to the loss of the unhappy sufferer who is thus unwittingly made the subject of discussion.

A.

A modern writer, and one who though born in our own times has proved himself a *right good one*—makes his hero, the quaint but manly Duke Aranza, deliver a maxim, which may be of singular utility to any young gentleman on the point of entering into the honourable state of matrimony. The passage alluded to is this:—

" ———— no Coxcomb
" Shall buz his fulsome praises in her ear,
" And swear she has in all things, *(save himself,)*
" A most especial taste. No meddling gossip
" (Who, having claw'd or cuddled into bondage
" The thing misnam'd a husband, privately
" Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)
" Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her
" When lordly man can best be made a fool of;
" And how, and when, and where, with most success,
" Domestic treaties, on the woman's side,
" Are made and ratified.—
" Ye that would have obedient wives, *beware*
" Of meddling woman's kind *officious care!*"

The Honey Moon.

This

This is a digression perhaps—but without digressing, I know not how to mark character, and with a real deference to the sentiments and opinions of others, avow that they are (to me) absolutely necessary for the developement of the subject into which I have entered. I flatter myself, perhaps, when I imagine that what I have said will serve as an index to the disposition of Mrs. Scudamore.

The Earl, therefore, penned an epistle to this lady, in which he paid many high compliments to her taste and understanding—made her acquainted with the transaction which had lately occurred between his son Lord Dalton, and himself, explained his motives for declining the honour, (as he was pleased to term it) of an alliance with Miss Laura Tempest, on whom he lavished every encomium, and

to

to apply more irresistibly to the passions of the person he was addressing, concluded this elaborated composition with the following paragraph:—

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"Knowing the general and undeviating propriety, of thought and conduct, which have marked Mrs. Scudamore in all the trying and difficult situations of life, I have selected her as the person to whom I am most willing to pour out my heart. A coldness with the Duke, or his amiable brother, Lord John, would be to me a source of the most lasting regret—of the most profound mortification: I am as sensible of the worth of Miss Tempest and her brother, as either of the above mentioned noblemen can *possibly* be;

"but

" but, I should insult *your* understand-
" ing, and their feelings, by entering into
" a too scrupulous investigation of seve-
" ral *motives*, which have prompted my
" *denial*. *One* cause I may be allowed
" to state—my fortune though indepen-
" dent, is not very *ample*—by uniting
" Dalton to Miss Tempest, I should com-
" mit a virtual act of injustice to your
" niece, Lady Susan O'Carrol.—I have
" in truth, had some difficulties in so
" arranging matters, as to render my son
" Charles an eligible husband for the
" niece of Mrs. Scudamore. It was only
" by the marriage of my eldest boy to a
" lady of *fortune*, that I could ever flatter
" myself with the hope of attaining an
" object so *desirable*. I trust I need
" not expatiate longer on this subject;
" I have already taken up too much of
" your valuable time, which none can
" apply to better purpose than yourself.

"I have, therefore, to entreat your dis-
"criminating judgement in this affair—I
"have earnestly to request you to do
"away any idea of disrespect to a most
"*amiable young lady*, in the minds of the
"Duke and his brother Lord John. To
"such an experienced pilot have I thus
"applied, that I make not the least doubt
"of being safely steered through all the
"rocks and shelves of delicacy and diffi-
"culty with which I find myself en-
"vironed. In the language of flattery I
"was never an adept, and am now too
"far advanced to commence my studies
"anew; thus far, however, I must be
"allowed to say, that among the numer-
"ous, and universal admirers of Mrs.
"Scudamore, none can be more sincere
"than he who has the honour to sub-
"scribe himself,

"&c. &c. &c.

"DELORAINE."

The

The policy of the Earl, if not the propriety, was certainly displayed in this soothing address. The mind of Mrs. Scudamore, as we have somewhere before had reason to observe, was already but too well prepared to take any impressions disadvantageous to the orphan objects of the care of Lord John O'Carrol. Here was, therefore, fresh food for her spleen, and new matter for her invective. If she loved any thing, or any person in the world it was her niece, Lady Susan; she had long thought her ill used by all parties, but this last event made her coldness rise to a species of hatred against the unconscious unoffending Laura. She had always thought this young *person* (as she was pleased to term her) treated with more deference than was due to her situation, and it vexed the proud heart of aunt Anne excessively, to see her placed on a level, in every particular, with

with her own niece. A marriage with Lord Dalton would, she well knew, make her the equal of Lady Susan, and give the *young thing* a precedency over herself in drawing rooms and assemblies.

> " Superiors!—death and torture! what a curse,
> " But an inferior not dependent!—*worse!*

There had hitherto been a mild engaging sort of humility in the conduct of Miss Tempest, that had disarmed malice itself. Her temper was so equal, and her gentleness so unresisting, that the mind and heart must have been callous indeed which could have wounded her happiness or hurt her sensibility. Even the irritable Mrs. Scudamore had felt herself softened in the presence of Laura, and had frequently forgotten how much she and her brother stood in the way of the interests of her own favourite niece. But

judging

judging from her own heart, and measuring the sweet girl by the standard of her own mental qualifications, aunt Anne was fearful that the exaltation of Laura, would do away the whole timidity of her character, and efface the respect of her deportment to her present superiors.

Those who are themselves cringing and servile to persons elevated above their own sphere of life, are generally anxious to repay their own dignity what is lost, in such moments, by an air of tyrannical superiority over such unlucky objects as have the ill fortune to depend in any sort upon their humours or caprices.

Mrs. Scudamore judged Laura by the above admeasurement. She had read in a facetious romance writer of the present century, that when the Devil made his visit to the world, a few years ago, he

left

left one favourite maxim behind him for the benefit of mankind—*to wit.*

"When we have attained to riches, power, or honours, by the aid, patronage, or assistance of friends, to turn our backs on those very patrons the moment we have accomplished our purposes by their means."

Mrs. Scudamore, a perfect Machiavel in worldly politics had admired the deep sagacity of the above axiom, and as she knew that Laura had read the author alluded too, made no doubt but that she would, likewise, well know how to put such a *theory* into *practice.* To see the late dependent of a noble family, exalted to a rank equal with the proudest of them, was a bitter draught; and to have Lady Susan's future income curtailed to gratify any other person, added accumulated vexation

vexation to the weights of disappointed pride.

When she read this letter to the Duke, she felt a conscious certainty that his Grace would enter into all her own feelings on the subject, and be roused from (what she had formerly denominated) his state of apathy, and insensibility, when he found that his own daughter was to be injured in every particular, by the romantic prejudices of her uncle.

Instead of anger, however, the deepest traces of concern and melancholy were impressed on the features of the Duke of Montcastle. He was anxious that nothing should obstruct the harmony of two families about to be consolidated into one, by the marriage of his daughter with the meritorious Charles: he felt much concern at any idea of coldness, or alienation

tion with respect to Lord Deloraine; but his affectionate heart could not weigh the cold dictates of prudence, in the same scale, against the more refined energies of fraternal affection. Polite as the language of Lord Deloraine's letter appeared, there yet seemed enough in it to shock the delicacy, and awaken the irritability of Lord John O'Carrol.

Before the time he had been afflicted with his dreadful malady, the temper of this unhappy nobleman had always been violent, quick, and impetuous:—bred from the dawn of youth in the rough school of naval sincerity, the language of the *heart* was the only one he had ever accustomed himself to make use of. To artifice and disguise, he was a stranger, and had never digested the modern code of politeness, which reduces goodwill to a mere jingle of words, and instructs men

in the arts of doing an unkind act in a speciously plausible manner.

The Duke who loved the very errors of his brother, had always rather admired than blamed the open fervor of his character: he had indeed participated in his affection, and attachment to the young foundlings.

Instead, therefore, of giving vent to any explosions of anger or resentment, he very highly irritated and offended his sister, by his cool manner of exclaiming.

"Every one must judge for himself!—I cannot enter into the feelings of Lord Deloraine."

Mrs. Scudamore looking as cold as a February morning, and bridling herself up with ineffable starchness, rejoined—

"But I presume your Grace can put yourself into the Earl's situation."

"I can, madam—I can likewise *sympathise* with it most truly—but at the same time I know not how to cast any blame on Lord Dalton; as for the sweet Laura, she has acted like an angel, her conduct must render her respected by the world, and fully justify all the partiality of my brother."

"Aye, aye—that's coming to the point at once my lord—the *partiality* of your brother is the *primum mobile*, as dear Doctor Glynne calls it, of all the mischief which has taken place. It was his partiality which has already robbed our dear Susan of her inheritance, and by his partiality she is likely to forfeit a large portion of what her father in law can give her. O my conscience, it is well we have not many such mad freaks of partiality,

tiality, or we should have beggars and vagrants rolling in their carriages, while noblemen and rightful heirs to fortunes, were trudging it in the streets. 'Be *just* 'before you are *generous*,' was always a maxim of mine; and I am sure that I have both law and gospel on my side."

Instead of producing the desired effect, this broad hint at his brothers infirmity, added to the oblique sneer on Henry and Laura, tended to turn the inmost heart of the Duke against the speaker: he smothered his indignation, however, under an appearance of ease, and tranquility, but thus disguising his sentiments, he made her feel the full force of her impropriety, as his dissimulated sang froid gave acrimony to his reproof, and pungency to his satire.

"Your maxims, madam," said his Grace, drily, "are generally to be appreciated

ciated by a mathematical investigation. I know that the virtue of charity is, with you, confined in the most rigid lines, the most scrupulous segments. I must be allowed a greater latitude in my practice of the cardinal virtues—and being a greater sinner than Mrs. Anne Scudamore, may reasonably be allowed to feel a little more lenity for the failings of others. Your philosophy is likewise of a more stoical kind than mine; you make no distinction of persons: I am weak enough to feel a sort of natural affection for the beings with whom I have been brought up from infancy, and though I own myself hurt, *whenever* I hear benevolence rediculed, or infirmity treated with disrespect or irreverence; yet have I the courage to confess, that my repugnance is not at all lessened, because my *brother* happens to be the person calumniated."

With these words, and a profound bow

did

did the Duke leave the room. Mrs. Scudamore's face was as red as scarlet. She turned to Lady Susan, and asked her, what she thought of such treatment as this;—in her own present harrassed, tortured, and uncertain state of mind, this sudden scene of perplexity and confusion, was a circumstance of the most distressing nature. Not knowing how soon she might have occasion for the affection and kind interference of her aunt, she dared not say all she thought of the merits of her dear friend Laura; and to utter a word to her prejudice, would have been an act of treachery and baseness, of which, with all its inconsiderateness and folly, the heart of this daughter of fashion and sorrow was incapable. She therefore stammered out a few exculpatory sentences, in favour of her father, in terms as plausible as the short time allowed for their arrangement, would admit of.

Instead of appeasing, this ineffectual effort only tended to rouse the already wakened resentments of Mrs. Scudamore, who accused her in a political kind of jargon, of which she was very fond;—of deserting her ally, and sending subsidies to the enemy.

"For whom but you am I thus anxious, Lady Susan?" continued she, "I have no hopes—no wishes of my own;—I have no prospects to fulfill—no one to live for but yourself."

"Ah! do not say so"—answered Susan, (who catching the suggestion from her aunt's political mania, resolved to play off a *ruse de la querre*, upon the old maiden,) "do not say so, my dear madam!—you have others beside your poor Susan to think off—others who know how to admire your sense—to value your accomplishments!"

By

By an easy passage of the affections of the mind, which Lavater might describe, or Le Brun delineate, but which I am not adequate to express by words; the wrinkles on the forehead of aunt Anne gradually gave way to the simper of expectation, and smoothness of placidity.

Thus, after the ocean has been agitated by the mounting billows, and the rude chorus of the winds, it sinks to a kind of gentle undulation, while the whisper of soft Zephyrs, alone, ripples the wave with dimpling, gentle currency. If this simile will not express my meaning, I must intreat that the imagination may complete the metaphor. Such a passage, however, from outrageous violence to placidity and self-approbation, was certainly manifest in aunt Anne—who gave a half good-humoured:—

 "Psha—

"Psha!—psha! child!—what do you mean?—who can you *allude* too!"

"Ah! my dear aunt! how injurious is that question to Doctor Glynne!"

"Doctor Glynne, Susan!—Oh, Heavens! you cannot think that the Doctor's innocent attentions to me—mean—mean any thing more than———"

"Come, come aunt—you must not seek to blind me that way; the attentions which the Doctor pays you, are, I am sure, very innocent, and very honourable; a woman like you in the prime of life, with a figure unimpaired by the ravages of time—a mind stored with a knowledge of the best authors;—ah! madam, a man of fifty like the Doctor—congenial in ideas—in literary pursuits, may without any slander be suspected of something more than a mere *platonic* passion."

"I

"I vow Lady Susan—you—you—quite derange me—I hope your father the Duke has not taken such a whim into his head, if he has, I am sure there will be no beating it out of him again, do what I can."

"My father, dear aunt, is not blind, and the eyes of Doctor Glynne are not dumb. I heard them both agree at Margate, that you would make the best wife in the world!"

"Did your father say that!"

"He did indeed, madam."

"Your father, Susan, is a man of penetration—he has many excellent qualities—I should be sorry that any warmth of temper of mine should occasion a coldness—tell him so my dear girl—tell him likewise, that if my expressions have

 tended

tended to displease him, or Lord John, I—I—regret it—by the way, does the Doctor dine here to day?"

"He does, madam."

Mrs. Scudamore looked at the glass, and observing that Buxton had dressed her head frightfully, cordially shook Lady Susan by the hand and left the room.

By this artifice did the poor girl elude the storm for the present; she knew her aunts weak side, and had thus dexterously availed herself of the knowledge, to deprecate the anger of a personage, who practiced but ill that beautiful lesson in the Lord's Prayer, which inculcates the forgiveness of trespasses, as the strict condition upon which we are all to expect the remission of our transgressions.

The subject matter of Lord Deloraine's letter gave the Duke very serious uneasiness; although he did not think fit to give way to the illiberal prejudices of Mrs. Scudamore, he was far from being insensible to the delicate predicament in which he was placed. He went farther still; he lamented that the late events had ever taken place; and though liberal as the most of men generally are, he had some few selfish feelings, of which the best of men (if the inmost recesses of their hearts could be examined) are not able, totally, to divest themselves.

The interests of himself and family had certainly been twice injured by the interfering benevolence of a brother, towards the unhappy objects whom he had rescued from the ocean. All this was rather *inconvenient* to him; but there was this difference between the brother and the sister on any subject which did not exactly

exactly square with their ideas of worldly interest. The Lady was of opinion that the whole world ought to give way to her interests, and that the *many* were bound to accommodate one; whereas the gentlemans small philosophy taught him as things go, something must be sacreficed to the world, and that an individual could hardly expect that a collective number of beings, with faculties equally rational, should sacrifice every thing to the gratifications of a solitary member of their community.

It is reported of the inhabitants of certain countries, that when they are offended with a particular person, they intoxicate themselves with opium, till every faculty of sense and feeling is extinguished, and in this irrational condition over, throw, maim, wound, and trample on every object animate, or inanimate till

they reach the particular being who has excited their ferocity.

The passions of Mrs. Scudamore acted like opium on her irritated nerves, and robbed her of every faculty of justice, or discrimination; she blended guilt with innocence, and involuntary offences with intended insults. Laura, though harmless, excited her indignation, and she forgot that the high spirited girl had acted a part more worthy admiration than deserving censure: that she could not avoid the passion with which she had inspired the breast of Dalton. But where prejudice darkens the mind, the spells of delusion are wound around the human heart with tenfold vigour. Genious, merit, talent, honour, and integrity, may spread their animating radiance with futile efforts; for as the gazer on the Heavens, and the beauties of nature, when he contemplates their various combinations

binations through the medium of a sanguine stained crystal, sees the blaze of the sun diminished, and the verdure of the spring embrowned with the dark tint of parting autumn; so are the above-mentioned virtues converted by the eye of prejudice to errors, faults or failings. To have weeded these prejudices from the mind of Mrs. Anne, would have exceeded the abilities of the orator, or the philosopher; they clung to her closely, as the ivy clasps the oak. The ax of the woodman might level the lofty trunk to the earth, but he could not dissever the tendrils twisting round it with pertinacious vigorous embrace.

The Duke, on the other hand, was ready to do every justice to Henry and to Laura. He knew the former to be possessed of a soul too noble, too capacious, to be capable of admitting an idea which could tend, in the most distant degree,

gree, to the dishonour of either his patron or himself. He could not wonder at the partiality of his brother. He took them into the circle of rational consideration—he pondered on their situations—their merits and their characters—he weighed them in the scale of justice and they were not found wanting.

His Grace's meditations on these intricate and perplexing occurrences, were interrupted by the appearance of Sir Arthur Conyers. The presence of the young Baronet was somewhat acceptable to the Duke, as there was a circumstance he particularly desired to communicate to him. In the hurry which had attended the families leaving Margate, he had forgotten to settle with the landlord of his brother's little cottage for the stipulated rent, being at that time uncertain whether he was himself to return to his family or no.

When he mentioned this occurrence to his ward, the amiable and accommodating lad instantly exclaimed—

"Oh, my dear Duke! now do give *me* a commission to rattle down to Margate and settle this business!—I have left my saddle horses there, and should like a roll down to fetch them of all things. Now do! there's a goodnatured creature—do ask guardy Glynne to let me go; or," added he, turning to Mrs. Scudamore, and smiling in her face with the most fascinating insinuation; "perhaps *you*, my dear madam, will indulge me by using your all powerful interest:—come, come aunt—don't sham Abraham; we all know how matters stand in that quarter; come—quick--agree—presto!—and I'll tell you what I will do for you in return."

"What? nephew."

"Why

"Why, when the ceremony takes place—and I'll take the long odds it wo'nt be more than a twelvemonth; I'll perform the part of Papa at the ceremony, and give you away to my guardian—yes! I'll bestow your fair hand on him myself, as a reward for your good nature; and I don't know but I have as good a right to dispose of you as any body in the whole world, being your eldest sisters only son."

The colour of aunt Anne at this discourse assumed a tinge, which I cannot exactly compare to the suffusion of the *Rose.* To give an idea of the *exact colour*, I must borrow a simile from my very good friend, the humorous author of Raising the Wind, a laughable composition, which those who can either see or read without feeling a strong impulsion of the risible muscles, must possess a rigidity of face which is by no means to be envied. A country bumpkin has delivered an impassioned

passioned love epistle (by mistake) from a young fortune hunter, to an antiquated spinster. When the eager writer inquires the physical effects which his letter has produced on his fair dulcinea, he puts several interogatories to the rustic messenger, and among others the following:—

"I suppose she blushed like a Rose?

Ans. "Like a *Rose*—no, like a Red Cabbage."

And to say the truth, the glow that mantled at the present moment on the cheeks of Mrs. Scudamore might be more aptly applied to the plant of the *Kitchen*, than compared to the poetical bud of the *Flower Garden*. And after all, there may be many of our readers inclined to think that, to a person of real *taste*, a good cabbage may be equal to any flower in the world, let poets say whatever they will.

But

But,—"*de gustibus non disputandum!*" in plain English,—"*there is no arguing on taste!*" she *did* blush, let her blush be compared to what we will—and stammered out—

"A truce! a truce my dear nephew! you realy run on at a most unmerciful rate; the subject is a delicate—a most important—sympathetic—but no more—you confound—confuse me. However, as you seem to wish it so very earnestly I *will* ask the Doctor to oblige you. You brother," continued she, addressing the Duke, "I presume have no objection, and I will trouble Sir Arthur to pay the milliner a little bill for me which I forgot."

The youth shook his curley head at her, his fine arch blue eyes impregnate with native fire and genuine humour, as he rattled out—

"Oh,

"Oh! fie! you giddy creature!—but I promise to do every thing, if you only persuade guardy."

The Doctor at that moment entering the apartment, he seized him by the hand, and without allowing him time to pay his devoirs to any one person present, led him up to his aunt; joined their hands with the utmost gravity (while the Duke and his daughter were distressed beyond measure to conceal the emotions which convulsed their risible organs) the Baronet conducted them both to the back drawing room with the utmost seriousness and solemnity, merely saying—

"My dear Doctor Glynne, Mrs. Scudamore is at this present moment most particularly inclined to favour you with a private audience. I was determined, therefore, to follow the charitable and christian-like precept, of doing as I would

would be done by, and allowing you the earliest opportunity of profiting by her condescension."

He then without any ceremony, immediately shut them in together. The moment the door was closed, Lady Susan gave vent to her mirth. Sir Arthur placing his finger on his lip, walked to her on tiptoe, and whispered in her ear.

" God bless you Susan, don't let the old girl suspect that I am tipping the quiz upon her; she'd never forgive me for such a dead hoax, as long as she lived."

Lady Susan patted his cheek, and gave him at the same moment a nod of affirmation. The good natured Duke knew not how to act. With all the faults of his sister, she had some useful qualities which rendered her an object of respect

to

to him. She had lived with him so long that habit alone had made her an interesting being to him, and though he pitied her failings, and contemned the narrowness of her general sentiments, he did not feel pleased at being made a party concerned in any thing which tended to render her openly ridiculous. Yet there was something so comical in the scene, at the present moment, passing before his eyes, that his sentiments were croped and divided, and he felt an equal disposition towards laughter and displeasure. While his ideas were in this situation of equiponderance, the door of the back drawing room was suddenly reopened, and Mrs. Anne, with an agreeable self-complacent smirk on her countenance, entered followed by the Doctor. Sidling up to her young petitioner, who stood with a woeful length of countenance as if fearful of his approaching

sentence; she informed him that his request was complied with.

"There was no resisting the commands of Mrs. Sudamore;" said the gallant Glynne.

Sir Arthur, transported with joy, flung his arms round the neck of Mrs. Anne, and gave her a salute somewhat resembling the crack of a waggoners whip.

Startled by this novel, and unexpected mode of returning thanks for a favour; Mrs. Scudamore could scarcely recover her equilibrium, so overpowering was the eloquence of the young Baronets affection.

The gravity of both the Duke and the Doctor was staggered—they eyed each other a moment—when Glynne,

who

who loved a classical allusion to his heart, exclaimed—

Δεινὴ δὲ κλάγγη γένετ' ἀργυρέοιο βιοῖο.

"Terrible was the clang which issued from his golden bow!"

The application struck Sir Arthur, who now no longer could resist his propensity to laughter. Mrs. Scudamore appearing extremely distressed, and offended at this liberty, the goodnatured youth immediately gave her a translation of the line, which in some degree subdued her blushes, and appeased her anger.

Nor was any thing bordering on the pedant inherent in the character of Glynne—the quotation arose naturally from the circumstance which had just occurred; and if a man may ever be excused for talking learnedly before ladies, the opportunity, and temptation, may offer some apology for the Doctor.

Sir

His Grace could resist no longer, he burst out, and the ladies having his sanction, they joined in a hearty peal of laughter, which rung through the apartment.

Sir Arthur, conscious of the mirth his sally had created, and being one of those, who, when they once lay hold of a good thing, are never willing to let it drop, turned towards his laughing guardian, with—

"Hark ye, Doctor! don't come the queer over me;—though, to be sure, the salute was in *justice* rather *your* due than *mine*—but all in good time you know. Aunt Anne, don't be angry—but pardon me my boldness! upon my soul I didn't intend the least harm."

"Indeed—indeed Sir Arthur you have quite fluttered, and totally disarranged

 me;

me; you must really learn to be less boisterous, but you know your power—you know you may take a liberty, which I would not allow from—from—*hardly* any other person."

"HARDLY any other person—oh! what there are *some* other persons then, that——"

Here he looked waggishly at Glynne, and might have gone too far, had not the prudent Doctor prevented him by a tap on the head, and—"Aye, aye, youngster, its *well* for you that you are such a favorite with your aunt."

"And with every one who knows his heart!" said the Duke, stroking the ringlets from his broad, open, manly forehead, "Do! do! only be less giddy my dear Arthur! and I shall think you the most perfect

perfect of your fellow beings—you have virtues sufficient for a *tribe* of modern young men of fashion."

"My dear! dear Duke!" said Conyers, respectfully kissing his Grace's hand, "I know not how I shall make a suitable reply to your kind, but I fear unmerited compliment, but believe me I can *feel*, though I am incapable of expressing my sense of the high honour your good opinion must confer upon me. And now good folks, adieu! I'm off to-morrow, and a jolly time I'll have on't."

"Remember my boy," said the Doctor, "I can only allow you three days absence from town. To-morrow is Saturday, and Monday a holyday, therefore, as I cannot, and will not allow you to neglect your own duties, or set an ill example, by infringing the rules of the Seminary

to which you belong; on Tuesday you must be at Westminster by ten at night."

"I will sir, indeed!"

"Enough—your word has always due weight with me, without the aid of any additional promises or protestations: I never knew you to break it."

"Nor ever shall you sir. Farewell!—Adieu young ladies; and mind you behave pretty when I'm not here to keep you all in order."

With these words he took his departure, and the *next morning*, with Bob to attend him, left town in a post chaise and four horses.

Little of any material consequence

occurred

occurred during the ride; the young gentleman making up for his that days early rising, by sleeping the first stages of his journey; and so sound was his repose, that Bob lifted him from one chaise to the other without giving any interruption to his slumbers.

When at last, however, he did rouse himself, his whole employment was to hurry the post boys, and Inn keepers, as much as if his whole existence literally depended on the velocity with which he was to execute his present expedition.

About Seven in the evening, he was set down at the door of the Inn at Margate, and having ordered his dinner, and devoured no very small quantity of fish, flesh, fowl, and pastry, he strolled out in search of some amusement to fill up the time, which now began to lie a little

 heavy

heavy on him. It soon, however, occurred to his recollection, that Sunday was not the most proper day for the settlement of business:—he had now, however, reached the little white Cottage, which had been occupied by the amiable Lord John—and thinking that the owners might entertain an unfavourable opinion of their late tenant, from the rents not having been yet paid; he resolved to overcome his scruples, and immediately adjust the balance.

Here he asked what were the *damages!* and as he had a considerable way to walk it was near eleven o'clock before he got back to his inn, having staid for some time conversing with the landlord, who appeared to him a civil shrewd kind of a fellow:—his servant, Bob, whose attachment to him, resulted from real zeal and gratitude, for several acts of kindness, and humanity,

humanity, had been considerably alarmed at his young masters staying out so late. Bob had expressed his anxiety to every creature in the inn, and had excited the highest interest in all their bosoms by the description he gave of him—

"Lord love his young honours heart!" cried Bob, "if any harm was to happen to him, I verily think I should never know what it was to be happy again:—he is good to man, woman, child, and horse. Why, at his last holydays, when poor Rolla run a nail in his foot and was quite lame, I asked him if I should send the beast to the hammer;—no Bob; no—said he; he will be made a hack-horse, and whipped and spurred to death; it would break my heart to see it;—so Bob put him out to grass—it will only be a few shillings a week, and Rolla will be comfortable for the rest of his life; I have

had

had a good deal of pleasure in riding him, and it would be devilish ungrateful to desert him now he is old and lame.

" When my poor sister was brought to bed of twins, I asked his young honour leave to go and visit her and as my quarters wages were nearly due, I made so bold as to beg him to advance it for me, as I wanted to make Sally a bit of a present; for her husband, though a main honest man, was of a sickly health, and could only earn his bread as a day working gardener. His honour put ten guineas into my hand, and told me to carry that to my sister from him, and that I should have my wages raised because I was such a hearty fellow.

" That was not all—lord love him!—only think of his condescension—when

Sally's month was out he would go to see her—and drank caudle with her—and clapped her two little babies on his knee, and there he played with them just as if they had been the children of any great lady of his own acquaintance—and he would put his finger into their little hands, and kiss and hug them, as they lay smiling in his face. I don't often cry, but I did then, and so did Sally too.—Well, the Earl of Deloraine's gardener in the country, died one day, and my master gets the place for Sally's husband: and there they are as neat and as snug in a little yellow cottage on the grounds.

"They live like gentlefolks, bless you!—and Tom has only to look over others; and so not being such a slave himself, he is better—and the children are as rosy as apples, and as

fat

fat as butter—and Sir Arthur gives 'em white frocks, and red shoes, and blue sashes:—and he laughs so when he sees them waddling and toddling about. For my part I often thinks as he can't be a young gentleman, but some angel sent down to make poor folks comfortable and happy."

End of the Third Volume.

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